

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



HARLEQUIN! MISS GABRIELLE RAY AS ESTELLE IN "BETTY," AT DALY'S.

Miss Gabrielle Ray has returned to the footlights at Daly's, where she achieved so many earlier triumphs, and now takes the part of Estelle in "Betty." An additional number is assigned to her—a Harlequin Dance. Needless to say, it suits so *chic* a

danseuse, whose charming coquetry is set off with added attractiveness by her fascinating costume. Miss Gabrielle Ray has received the warmest possible greetings from her innumerable admirers.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]

PHYNETTE'S LETTERS

A SUBJECT FOR ALARM—A WARNING TO WARRIORS.

ISN'T it too bad! Here have I been saving my precious crinkly scraps of paper which represent my dress-allowance until I have practically nothing to wear (oh, but, yes, it does matter; I am not appearing in revues, you see!) to be able to buy box upon box of cigarettes for the front, and it seems all those have indeed ended in smoke, but in transit! And I am not the only one—not to have nothing new to put on, but to have sent parcels that vanish on the way. Several women friends told me that their husbands, not receiving any visit from My Lady Nicotine, strongly suspected that some new blue fox or other fashionable beastie had devoured the weed!

Can nothing be done besides stamping one's foot and shrugging one's shoulder (all of which the well-brought-up British ladies don't do, but which relieve my feelings!)—can nothing be done to ensure that our fighting friends should get what is sent them, besides our love?

It is all the more a pity that I had had such a ripping, romantic idea about cigarettes! Here it is, just the same. The other day, as I was buying some perfume at Mme. Desti, the American perfumer-chemist who is over here from Paris, she told me she could perfume cigarettes with the same scent as one has chosen for one's own and for one's toilette things—soap, or powder, or brilliantine, or anything; and I thought that as our knights of long ago used to wear our colours, you over there now might like with every whiff of a faintly, ever so faintly perfumed cigarette, to have a sort of sweet-scented souvenir of Her, don't you know. 'Course, I am aware that to some men scented cigarettes are as sickening as sweet champagne or coloured socks, or a buttonhole or fancy waistcoats—in the "impossible" category, but, personally, I think verberna sachet in one's cigarette-box is an improvement. The clean, keen zest of it tickles you in the jaw-bones under the ear. But the fashionable cigarettes of the moment I don't like so much—they seem

redolent of the harem. You men don't like bazaars, do you? Well, then, though I have been bazaaring the whole week practically, I won't tell you about it, 'cept that at one place—the Women's Work Exhibition at Prince's—were Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria. And Queen Alexandra was looking more than ever like a fairy Queen with her sweet smile and so kind eyes. The Queen bought from Miss Margrove's stall, as did the Princess Victoria, who had twopence change from some other purchase, and seemed worried by the possession of the two coppers. She parted from them with relief for a humorous postcard. I suppose Princesses don't have copper coins in the ordinary way. This invests them with a touch of the Roman, which these days seems to have fallen from them.

Whenever I am in a crowd of fashionable people in London I can't help noticing that the only dowdy people left, and who glory in looking dowdy and typically English, are the members of the old aristocratic families. All the rest—the smart, the swish, and the terrifically well-turned out—are the new noble, the cosmopolitan, and the theatrical.

So that, my not having bought a new hat for the last fortnight, little French Republican *sans-culotte* me (you must not take me literally, 'course) may yet pass for an English peeress—what! That's a comfort in my economy.

And (not apropos, 'course—oh, no!) Lady Bathurst and her daughter were at one of those bazaars I was telling you of. She was the most plainly dressed woman there; by plainly, I don't mean simply, 'cos a certain sort of simplicity is like talking softly—it draws better the attention; so that, by plainly, I meant, without distinction. And Lady Bathurst's daughter, Lady Meriel, was like the young Princess Arthur of Connaught in the days of her girlhood before her marriage to the Prince. Lady Bathurst, as



TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.
Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

you know, belongs to one of the great families of England, and is the proprietor of the *Morning Post*.

If my discourse on dress bores you, *camarades*, just stop me, will you? Some people say men know little, and care less, about women's fluffs and feathers. 'Tis the women who wear boots to walk in, and clothes that like the rain, and a hat you can sit upon by mistake and it does not mind who say that! But I know better—or worse, as you wish. Why, 'twas one of you, officer friends, told me that at the Front when there are

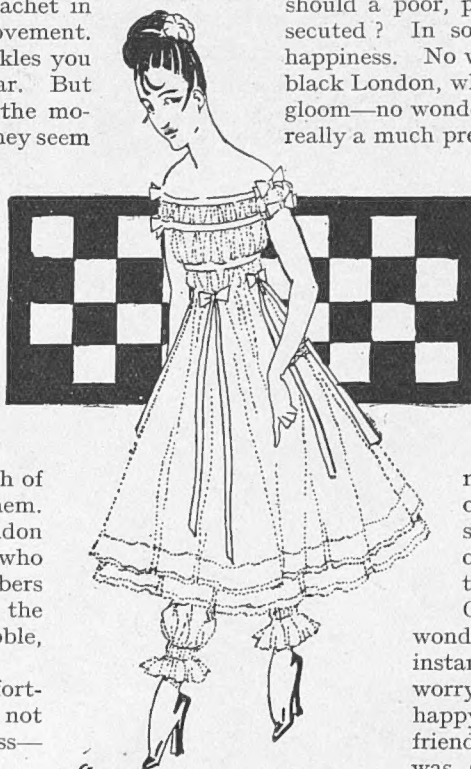
not enough Kirchner's "kids" to go round, or Peto's *petites* peaches, or the svelte Venuses of Valdés, then they cut out even the illustrated advertisements in *The Sketch*. How is that for Modeman-ia? There is the *lingerie* lure for you—long, elegant ladies in the act of reflecting what camisole they are going to wear to-day, and other chilly but charming coquettes comparing boudoir-caps and nighties—they prefer "blue ribbon," dear ladies, so they wrote me!—and, again, other strait-laced damsels who seem to think that well-cut corsets uphold one's self-confidence almost as much as a clear conscience. All those paper "pretty dears" stuck in a row make of our friends' burrow a sort of harem from home!

Where was I? Oh, yes, bazaars—well, I bought lots of things uselessly pretty and pretty useless, but it will simplify Christmas shopping; and—I had my fortune told. Not by a *clairvoyante* or a *néromancienne*, or a crystal-gazer or a fortune-teller, or a card-shuffler or a soothsayer; oh, no! 'cos, as you know, an unimaginative, unappreciative, and impolite police does not encourage any of these professionals; but there is nothing to prevent one from being a "psychologist"! Why, I ask you, should a poor, pleasantly spoken psychologist be persecuted? In so many cases they are the sellers of happiness. No wonder that now in these dark days of black London, when we here have to fight also against gloom—no wonder that "psychologists" prosper. 'Tis really a much prettier word than soothsayer; and, somehow, soothsayer does not sound sympathetic. One must be callous to be able to tell the truth, while "psychologists"—what a difference! I had such sweet things predicted me. I have already been promised five husbands after the war (by different psychologists, 'course), so I must begin getting my red-haired chamber ready (red hair is the nearest approach I can achieve to a bluebeard, and I could not possibly put up with five simultaneous husbands!) Perhaps they meant successively; I must ask a sixth psychologist. They are so subtle and intuitive—no wonder they are becoming *Crésuses* every one of them. 'Tis wonderful how they can read your soul. For instance, they told me that the war was worrying me vastly, that I would not be happy till 'twas over, that I had lots of friends at the front, that most of my time was spent in writing or receiving letters, that I had lots of photographs of fine-looking chaps in uniforms on my mantelpiece, and lastly, that I was born in a country where they are now fighting! Now, how is that for psychology? How could they possibly guess all that, I wonder?

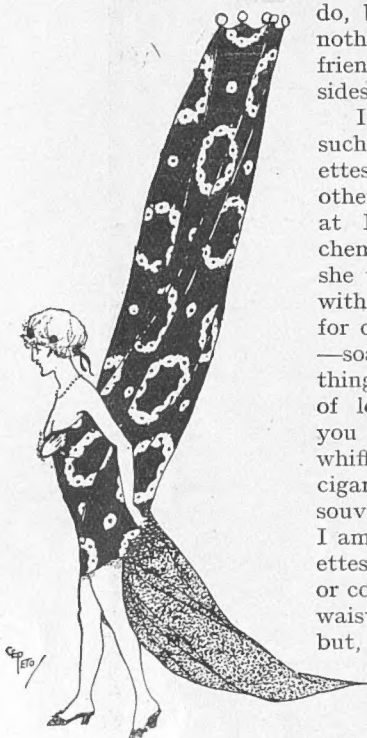
Did I tell you that I went with the Vertugadin girls to the Grosvenor Gallery some time ago already?—and, oh, if ever you want the features of your mother, or sister, or of "Her" to be a thing of



"The swish."



"Sans-culotte me (you must not take me literally)."



"Practically nothing to wear."

beauty for ever, don't let her be a Mestrovic-tim! Lady Cunard has two heads by Mestrovic there; and, you know, in the flesh she is quite good-looking—very much like a plumper sister of her daughter. Well, if you could see what Mestrovic has made of her! Yet we speak of the Cunard Line, don't we?

I'm going to tell you a short story that's supposed to be sad; I hope you won't be so unsympathetic as to smile over it. It happened to one of you, too! The other day I was to have lunch with a boy Sub. at the Berkeley. As we have been tremendous chums for a long time, I was late. When I got there, some twenty minutes after the appointed hour, it was to be run into on the steps by my host, who did not even look at me as he *exited* furiously.

I turned and grabbed him by the back of his belt (yes, very undignified and unusual, but his hair is clipped short). Then he gasped gratefully, "Oh, it's *only* Phrynnette!"

"Thanks offly! I

thought you had *invited* me. I know I am late, but—"

"Yes, yes; never mind!" with a funky glance backwards. "Let's get away—bother lunch—come away with me. Porter, a taxi—hurry, hurry—got to catch a train. Now, Phrynnette, jump in quick!"

"What station, Sir?"

"Station—oh, any station! St. Pancras!"

When we had started, "I rather fancy St. Pancras," I remarked sweetly, "sounds a nice, respectable sort of station somehow."

He sat silent, making himself very small in his corner.

"Look here, Reggie old boy," I said in my best English, "if it's an elopement, it's offly 'xciting and all that, and let's! Why, I have not eloped for months!" (Don't you believe it—I mean, I was merely humouring him, see?)

Still, Reggie sat in ghastly gloom.

"*Mon cher*," I said, "I am willing to starve heroically by your side in this taxi, but there is something awful about you which my nerves won't stand much longer. My dear, dear friend, then open your lips—speak to me!"

"Phrynnette, old chap," said Reggie (when a man calls a woman "old chap," it's the highest compliment he can pay her—it means she is indeed his chum. Rare, rather!), "old chap, I am in a frightful fix. Did you see her in the hall of the hotel?"

"Who's her?"—"My Affinity!"

"Don't be a silly ass! There aren't such things—they went out with Ouida and hair-willow brooches!"

"I wish there were not, but she says she is my Affinity—"

"Who is She?"—"Mignonetta."

"And who is Mignonetta?"—"My Affinity!"

"Jump out, *mon cher*, and get a stiff—lemon-squash, neat."

"No; I'll be all right when I have recovered from the funk. I suppose I'd better tell you all about it—even if you make confounded 'copy' out of it. Well, 'twas just after Phyllis chucked me to marry that Captain chap who had had his head smashed or something—she called him her 'picturesque pet,' and of course I, poor devil, had nothing to show—just like my beastly luck!—for all that I had been at the front. Well, I can tell you, Phrynnette, I was pretty fed up with everything, and I thought if only any Hun could get me one fine day I'd say a kind word for him on the other side, don't you know; but though I postured on parapets, and silhouetted against the sky (to talk as you do), nothing ever came my way. It makes a chap sick to be so healthy when, by having an arm blown off or something, he might yet cut the other chap out, don't you know. Then, one day I was in the dumps, I saw a little thing in the paper, just a few verses, "Blind Love Playing with One's Heart-Strings," or something—sentimental slosh, I see that now, but at the moment it just seemed written about Phyllis and

me. I was in the mood for that sort of thing, I suppose. 'Twas signed 'Mignonetta'—I liked the name, somehow. I conjured up such a fascinating flapper, with jolly, wavy brown hair piled up, you know, like Phyllis's, and long hazel eyes like Phyllis's, only kinder, and I thought, Poor girl who wrote those verses, she knows what it means to have one's "heart-strings snapped." She wrote that, you know. So I just wrote her.

"Then she wrote back on mauve paper with gilt monogram—"

"Well, p'rhaps 'twas the only paper left in the shop!"

"And she said that my sympathy fell on her parched soul like dew on a drooping lily, and she sent me her book of verses. I thanked her, of course. 'Twas somewhat tropical for much dew; but then, I thought, here is a girl with temperament—not like Phyl. And then she sent me a photograph—a jolly photograph, don't you know, in a white loose robe or something, with hair down, and a book in her hand."

"Been reading Mrs. Glyn in her bath!"

"Don't always chip in, old chap. I tell you, she looked quite a nice 'kid'—reminded me of Juliet—"

"The morning after Romeo!"—"Oh, I say, Phrynnette!"

"What, is not Shakespeare sacred? Pray go on."

"And then she sent me a lock of hair—ripping hair, like a canary."—"An ornithological curiosity!"

"Then she sent me a comforter."

"You babe!"

"And then I got my leave, and I wrote her that, artists being unconventional, perhaps she would dine with me—"

"And did she?"—"She did; and she has been with me ever since, like Lady Macbeth. I mean I see her everywhere, like Lady Macbeth."

"But it's very nice to see her everywhere if she is such an interesting woman!"—"But—oh, well, you saw her—in the hall of the hotel."

"Hadn't time to notice anyone 'xcept a round old dame with a yellow wig and ballet-dancer skirts."

"That was she, Mignonetta! And she saw me too—I had just time to beat it. She is fat, and fair, and she has been forty!"

"Poor, poor boy; but the photograph?"—"Twas hers all right; but an Old Master."

"An old mistress, you mean—still Shakespearean style."

The taxi stopped. "What is it, driver?"—"St. Pancras Station, Sir."

"St. Pancras, is it? Well, let's go back and feed at the Savoy."

Sorrow and sympathy and station-chasing had made us both ravenous. Reggie kept glancing around

him nervously. He need not have done, for I don't suppose the poetic Mignonetta would have lunched twice in the same day.

"Listen, Reggie," I said; "I'd like to help you—I'd do anything for you short of marrying you. Can't you pretend I am your long-forgotten wife?—she saw me with you, you know."

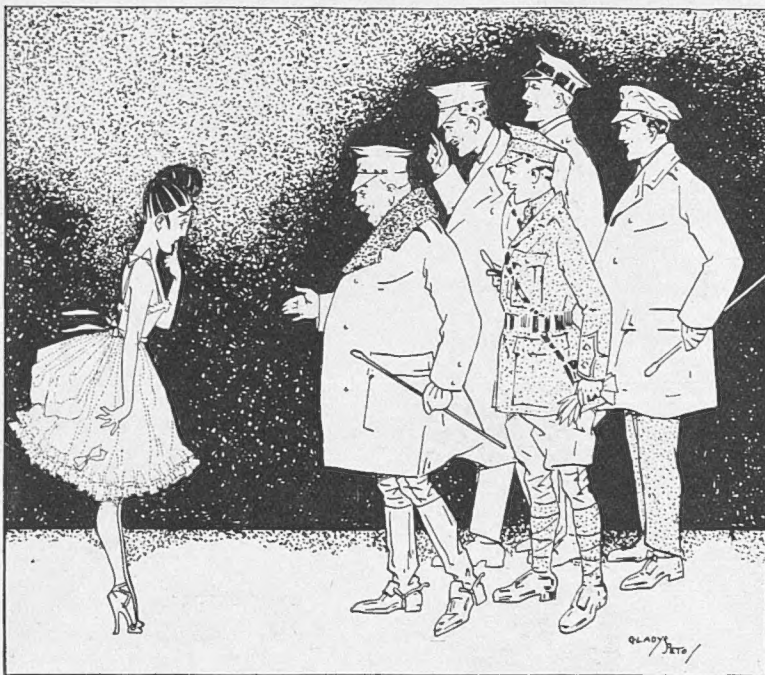
"No, it's no good—we looked too chummy. And besides, she knows: I wrote her all about myself—reams of foolscap."—"Then what are you going to do?"

Reggie stood up, squared his shoulders, looked ceiling-wards—where he was quite sure Mignonetta was not.

"To get killed," answered the sad Sub. with sublime simplicity. And I know the heroic boy, he is a man of his word. He'll get killed all right, or—die in the attempt!



"Well-cut corsets uphold one's self-confidence."



"I have already been promised five husbands after the war."



"Fat, and fair, and she has been forty!"

WOMEN AND THE WAR: RUSSIA'S DAY AND OTHER DAYS.



FLAG-SELLERS AT THE RITZ ON RUSSIA'S DAY: MISS POYNDER, LADY CURZON, LADY MAINWARING, AND MISS BERTIE.



HELPING RUSSIA'S FLAG-DAY BY SELLING RUSSIAN HATS: Mlle. DELYSIA WITH LADY MAINWARING AS A CUSTOMER AT THE RITZ.



WIDOWED BY THE WAR: THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD.



SIR GEORGE REID'S DAUGHTER ENGAGED: MISS THELMA REID.



WIFE OF A DESTROYER'S CAPTAIN MRS. CLAUD ALLSUP.



SINGER OF RUSSIAN SONGS ON RUSSIA'S FLAG-DAY: MME. BER.



THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION OF ENGLISHWOMEN'S ARTS AND HANDICRAFTS: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) LADY COWDRAY, THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY, AND MISS KINNELL.

The various collections and entertainments on Russia's Flag-Day (Thursday, the 18th) were very successful. The matinée at the Alhambra was attended by Queen Alexandra. One item on the programme was a Russian patriotic costume song by Mme. Vladimir V. Ber, of Petrograd, an amateur singer who is well known in Russian Society. At the Ritz Hotel Viscountess Curzon supervised the selling of flags, and Lady Mainwaring opened a bazaar.—The Earl of Seafeld, who was recently killed in action, was thirtieth Chief of the Clan Grant, and a Captain in the Cameron Highlanders.

Miss Thelma Reid, only daughter of Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for Australia, in London, is engaged to Mr. Leonard S. Cleaver, son of Mr. Richard Cleaver, of West Derby, Liverpool.—Mrs. Claud Allsup is the wife of Commander C. F. Allsup, R.N., who is captain of a destroyer. Mrs. Allsup has been singing to the bluejackets.—The Marchioness of Londonderry opened the Exhibition of Englishwomen's Arts and Handicrafts last Wednesday (Nov. 17) at the Central Hall, Westminster.—[Photographs by S. and G., Barnett, Kate Pragnell, Rita Martin, Dover Street Studios, and Topical.]

THE WIFE OF MAJOR "WINNIE": A STRIKING PERSONALITY.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S CHANGE FROM "WELL-PAID INACTIVITY" TO THE STORM AND STRESS OF BATTLE:
MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHO HAS SEEN HER HUSBAND OFF TO THE FRONT.

Mrs. Winston Churchill, who is one of the most charming personalities in an exceptionally charming coterie of women of light and leading, is seen in our photograph in a garden of peace, suggesting a pleasant contrast to the struggle of war or the intricacies of the maze of politics. The picture is of peculiar interest at this crisis in the career of her distinguished husband, who has preferred, to "well-paid inactivity" as a statesman, the excitement, the peril, the patriotism of the battlefield, and has rejoined his regiment at the Front. Mrs. Churchill comes of a

handsome and high-spirited stock, as may be judged by the references made in last week's "Sketch" to the adventures of her plucky sister, Miss Nellie Hozier, during her internment in, and escape from, a penitential war-prison in Belgium. Mrs. Churchill and her sister are the daughters of the late Colonel Sir Clement Hozier, K.C.B., and Lady Blanche Ogilvy, daughter of the seventh Earl of Airlie. Miss Nellie Hozier is engaged to Lieutenant-Colonel Bertram Romilly, D.S.O. Mrs. Churchill saw her husband off on Thursday.—[Photograph by J. T. Newman.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

An Awful Thought!

I learn with considerable dismay that Mrs. Pankhurst, that equable lady, is not satisfied with the way in which the Government is handling the war! This came to me as a great shock. I could bear the criticisms of politicians and newspaper people because such folk live on criticism. If they admitted that the Government was doing the job satisfactorily, that would be tantamount to admitting that they could not do it better themselves—which is absurd. But when Mrs. Pankhurst shows signs of uneasiness, that is quite a different kettle of fish. Because, you see, Mrs. Pankhurst is not the kind of lady to make a fuss without due cause.

I have received a letter signed "E. Pankhurst." I have a vague recollection that Mrs. Pankhurst's name is Emmeline, so that "E. Pankhurst" should be Emmeline Pankhurst. But the puzzling thing about this letter is that "E. Pankhurst" speaks of Mrs. Pankhurst as though "E. Pankhurst" and Mrs. Pankhurst were two different people. Which is bothering to the dull masculine mind.

Anyway, the point is that Mrs. Pankhurst, with the assistance, I presume, of "E. Pankhurst," will, before these words appear in print, preside at a great meeting somewhere to decide how the War shall be carried on. "E. Pankhurst" writes—

"Mrs. Pankhurst will preside, and the speakers will include Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. J. Annan Bryce, M.P., and Miss Annie Kenney. Miss Carrie Tubb and other well-known singers have promised their services."

But Where?

I say "some-where" because an evening paper informs me that Mrs. Pankhurst cannot get the Albert Hall, as she had hoped, for her pleasant evening party. The meeting has been cancelled, I read, by the authorities of the Hall. The authorities of the Hall appear to think that a meeting which has for its object the denunciation of the Prime Minister and Sir Edward Grey cannot rightly be described as a "Great Patriotic Meeting." What curious minds the authorities of the Hall must have! If this War has proved anything, surely it has proved that the best way to show your patriotism is to explain to the enemy and all neutral countries, to say nothing of our Allies, that the people in charge of the War are hopelessly incompetent and not to be trusted.

Very well, then. That is all dear Mrs. Pankhurst and her satellites wish to do. They wish to strike such a blow for England as will resound across the Continent and terrify—simply terrify—the Germans into begging for peace.

We must see to it, then, that a suitable place is found—always providing that the Great Patriotic Meeting is not all over, as I said, before these words appear in print.

Some Timid Suggestions.

It is difficult, you know, to hit upon the building precisely suitable. It must be a large building, and a majestic. It must be associated in the public mind with historic occasions. The House of Lords may occur to you, but the House of Lords, after all, is a wee place, and does not possess an organ. No Great Patriotic Meeting could be held without an organ.

The same objection applies to the House of Commons. I am sure that Mr. Asquith would cheerfully let Mrs. Pankhurst have the House of Commons for her Great Patriotic Meeting any Saturday night; but what is the use of a silly little room that holds, with great discomfort, about seven hundred people? You could put an organ into the Press Gallery, perhaps, but where are the Press to sit?

Remain St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. The former, unfortunately, is associated with the teacher who held that women should not raise their voices or make themselves unduly prominent in public. And Westminster Abbey is associated with great funerals rather than with great Patriotic Meetings.

I call upon Lord George Sanger, the present holder of the illustrious title, to come to the rescue with his mammoth tent.

A Rebuke from the Kennel Club.

And now I am in trouble myself. A member of the Kennel Club, signing himself "Shooter"—"Sniper" would have been better, perhaps, since he remains concealed behind a hedge of anonymity—writes:

"Your notes in *The Sketch* usually give me a considerable amount of pleasure"—thank God for that, anyway!—"but you have for once in a way tripped up. There is a useful proverb, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, which you have apparently forgotten when you use a shooting metaphor. Strange as it may appear to a cobbler, a single bird is much easier to hit than a covey, and the man who 'aims at' a covey (technically called 'firing into the brown,' or 'browning them') not only cannot be described as a 'sportsman' but usually fails to kill anything at all.—Yrs., Shooter."

Thank you, dear "Shooter." Now may I ask you to apply your proverb to the matter of tackling a writer of some small experience on his own ground? Refer to my Note, if you will, and read as follows: "But this I will ask: 'Is it easier to hit a covey of partridges or a single partridge?'" I put the question; you have assumed that I answered it. On the contrary, you, as a sportsman, have answered it.

But why get behind the tree? I never publish the name of a correspondent if he wishes to withhold it. Must I think of you, in tender moments, as just "Shooter"?



LADY PETRE AS DAIRY-MANAGER: WATCHING THE PUPILS AT HER MILKING-SCHOOL IN ESSEX.

Lady Petre, widow of Lord Petre, of the Coldstream Guards, who died of wounds in France, is the only child of the Hon. John Boscawen. She has started a milking-school on the family estate, at Thorndon Hall, Brentwood, Essex, which women and school-children from miles round attend. A special instructress from Cornwall, sent by Lady Petre's father, gives the milking-lessons.—[Photo. by S. and G.]

A Delightful Book.

Every now and then, friend the reader, I discover a delightful book. When that

happens, knowing that really delightful books are gifts from the gods and come but rarely, I hasten to tell you about it. I have seen no review of this book (though there have probably been many), it came to me from no publisher, and I do not know the author.

The book is called "Naval Occasions," and the author calls himself "Bartimeus." I have been told that he lost his sight in the service of the Empire—hence the name. If that is true, the exercise of his genius—for he possesses true genius—should be a great compensation.

In this little book you have, in a flash, the soul of the Fleet. Some of the sketches are gay, some grave; some are not as perfect as others; but all help you to see the soul of the Fleet, the very same Fleet to which you owe your comfort and, perhaps, your liberty as you read these lines.

It is usual to call a man a great writer only if and when he has written a great deal. That has never been my own way of looking at the matter. A writer should be measured by his best work, and, if he has put forth one immortal verse of four lines, he is entitled to be called a great writer. How many writers put forth even four immortal words?

The author of this little book, I think, is a great writer. Read his story entitled "The Greater Love," and then decide for yourself. But you must read it with great sympathy, clear understanding, and an imagination all aglow.

VANITIES OF VALDÈS: WAITING —



FOR ZEPPELINS.



FOR THE COMMUNIQUÉ.



FOR THE SOLDIER ON SHORT LEAVE.



FOR VICTORY!

SMALL TALK

THE announcement, in a social paragraph printed by a temporary, that the best man at an important wedding was absent because he had been called away "to the Dardanelles" the day before was all against the regulations. It happened in among lists of bridesmaids and their dresses, and was uncensored in consequence. But the safe rule is to mention no departures and destinations, the idea being that an officer's itinerary gives the clue to the movements of his regiment, or even brigade. Thus, some time ago, Lord Lovat was allowed to depart without any allusions in the Press, although everybody knew the details of his going. Since then the Scouts have been in action, and made the enemy sufficiently aware of their whereabouts.

Sir Rennell. Sir Rennell Rodd, who returned to his Embassy last week, was much wrapped up in his responsibilities during his visit to London. The usual snatches of Petrarchian verse were forgotten, and there was no flower in his buttonhole; the Sir Rennell who is

half poet and wholly a man of taste has been displaced by the diplomat. Anything that affects the even current of Roman life hits him hard, and Rome just now is a busy, thrifty city given over to the manufacture of bandages and mittens. Even Keats's grave is forgotten, and the world will indeed be upside down if Sir Rennell neglects to pick the first violets of the year in the English Campo Santo.

Flags and Luncheon Hour.

Sellers on Russia's Day were not long in discovering that the feminine boot makes a very poor resistance to the chills of the November pavement, and those ladies who had warm hotels at their backs thanked their stars for their good fortune Mrs.

A SPORTSWOMAN-NURSE AT WINDSOR: MISS MERCER.

Like so many other ladies in Society, Miss Mercer, the beautiful daughter of Mr. George Mercer, of 45, Cadogan Square, S.W., has taken up hospital work, and is nursing in a Windsor Hospital. Miss Mercer is a well-known sportswoman and a fine rider and, before the war, was to be seen on most mornings in the Row, always finely mounted. Miss Mercer has taken to her self-imposed duties with characteristic thoroughness.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Ruby Peto, whose beat was at the Ritz, found the way to shelter with wise and commendable punctuality. She knew her ground, and combined warmth and a booming trade. Only a few days before she was lunching there without the distraction of money-box and flags, and the Duke of Rutland and Sir Bache Cunard were also of the company. Her friends, on flag day, were on duty at the Carlton and the Savoy; indeed, one characteristic of the day was the splitting up of the clique that generally does its restaurants in unison. The Torbys and Miss de Trafford were at the Savoy, and Lady Diana Manners and Lady Drogheda at the Carlton.

Lady Ancaster. If ever an American has been able to satisfy all her ambitions as a hostess, that American is Lady Ancaster. Before the war the shooting season meant, for her, a brilliant gathering of

friends. In the North she used to make Lord Ribblesdale supremely happy, set him tilting with Lord Hugh Cecil or gossiping with the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe and with the Speaker. Nowadays she is content—almost content—to arrange a charity concert in Lancaster Gate, and return to Grimthorpe Castle with Lord Ancaster, at any rate, under her wing.

"Relatives Without Tears."

The abnormally youthful grandmother is common enough, but in the person of Constance Lady De la Warr you have a great-grandmother who entirely fails to look the part. Her re-marriage, which did not lead to any change of title, was, if memory serves me right, an affair of only a few years ago. Her great-grandchildren are Lady Idina Wallace's two infants, who have a grandfather in the person of Lord De la Warr, and a great-great-grandmother in Lady Lamington. Considering the many complications of the De la Warr peerage, the Wallace infants have a lot to learn before they are able to ascribe all their Christmas presents to the right donors: it has been suggested that Constance Lady

De la Warr might add to the list of her literary achievements a handbook on "Relatives with Tears" for nursery use.

Lady Petre's Maids. Lady Petre hit on a most useful scheme when she took up the training of milkmaids. Most farmers, and probably all cows, know the growing scarcity of competent male hands for this class of labour. Indirectly, Lord Derby may prove responsible for the restoration of the old order, under which milking was regarded as feminine work. The man-milker is a comparatively modern character. He has appeared since Hardy wrote "Tess." He was unknown when Pope produced "The Rape of the Lock," in which the seventh Baron Petre figures as "the lord." And in those days renegade Peers went to the dairy for their wives instead of to the chorus.

From Sun-Picture to Zeiss.

Mr. Eric Lubbock, who won his Cross in company with the hero of many gallant Criterion ventures, makes much (in a home letter) of the Zeiss lens he found in the captured aeroplane. Before he took up with machine-guns he was something of an expert with a camera; and his father, as it happens, used to boast of being the first person of whom a photograph was taken in England. In his youth he was playing in the garden one day when Daguerre, on a visit to the Lubbocks, proposed making a practical demonstration of his invention. The future Lord Avebury, being the best of small boys, sat very still, and the result was an admirable Daguerreotype.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT ANTHONY CHAWORTH-MUSTERS: MISS MARJORIE CAROLINE BOOTH.

Miss Booth is the younger daughter of the late Mr. C. O. Booth, and of Mrs. Booth, of Cromarthy, Shooter's Hill, Woolwich. Mr. Anthony Chaworth-Musters is the second surviving son of Mr. J. P. Chaworth-Musters, of Annesley Park, Notts, and is in the Royal Field Artillery.

Photograph by Swaine.



A NEW PEERESS: THE WIFE OF THE NINTH BARON VERNON.

The recent death of Lord Vernon, eighth Baron and Captain in the Derbyshire Yeomanry, which took place at Malta, from dysentery, has resulted in the devolution of the title upon his brother, the Hon. Francis W. L. Vernon, who is a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and was married last February to Miss Violet Clay, daughter of Colonel Clay, of the Indian Army. The Vernons are one of the oldest families in England. The Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt, M.P. for Rossendale, is a kinsman of the late Lord Vernon.

Photograph by Lambert Weston.



TO MARRY SECOND-LIEUTENANT NOEL V. C. TURNER: MISS KATE MARY MAUGHAM.

Miss Maugham is the eldest daughter of Mr. Frederic Herbert Maugham, K.C., of 4, Collingham Gardens, S.W., and Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Noel Turner is the second son of the late Mr. T. Newsum Turner, J.P., of Dunstead, Langley Mill, and is in the City of London Yeomanry.—*Photograph by Swaine.*

BRIDES; AND McBRIDES! AND "DETENTION" FOR LIFE.



THE AGENT-GENERAL FOR VICTORIA AT HIS DAUGHTER'S WEDDING: THE HON. SIR PETER McBRIDE.



A NOTABLE ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN WEDDING: CAPTAIN C. L. FISHER, R.F.A. AND MISS CATHERINE McBRIDE.



A HERO OF A FAMOUS SPY TRIAL AS BRIDEGROOM: COMMANDER BRANDON AND HIS BRIDE.



A HERO OF A FAMOUS SPY TRIAL AS BEST MAN: CAPTAIN TRENCH AT COMMANDER BRANDON'S WEDDING.

The wedding of Captain Charles Leslie Fisher, of the Royal Field Artillery, and Miss Catherine McBride, the only daughter of the Hon. Sir Peter McBride and Lady McBride, took place on the 15th at St. Paul's Church, Avenue Road, Hampstead. Among the guests were Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for Australia, and the Agents-General for New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania. Sir Peter McBride has been in the Victorian Parliament since 1897, and has held Cabinet rank since 1909. He has been Minister of Mines, Forests, Railways, and Acting Chief Secretary.—An interesting wedding took place at

St. Andrew's, Ashley Place, on the 15th. The bridegroom, Commander Vivian R. Brandon, R.N., was one of the British officers sentenced in December 1910 to four years' detention in a German fortress for alleged espionage. His companion on that occasion, Captain Trench, who received a similar sentence, was the best man at the wedding. The bride was Miss Joan Simpson, daughter of Captain Simpson, R.N., of Ardingley, Sussex. Commander Brandon and Captain Trench were "pardoned" by the Kaiser when the King and Queen visited Berlin in May 1913, for the marriage of Princess Victoria Luise to Prince Ernst Augustus, son of the Duke of Cumberland.

CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

JUST before his visit to France Mr. Asquith spent the quietest of all week-ends in Surrey. He and Mr. McKenna were fellow-travellers to Godalming, where they found friends to entertain them at short notice. These friends were Sir Herbert and Lady Jekyll, whose delightful place, Munstead House, has often enabled a Cabinet Minister to beat a swift retreat from the turmoil of town.

Tints Out of Fashion. Munstead was radiant for the P.M.'s visit. Sunshine and smouldering piles of autumn leaves and a few late roses were the attractions of the famous Jekyll garden. The whole of Sunday was gloriously fine, and with the fall of the leaves the sun lit up all sorts of pretty patches of wall and walk that are generally obscured. Are autumn leaves, somebody asked, out of favour? The beauty of the day seemed to owe everything to the fact that the trees were bare, and Lady Jekyll, for one, is inclined to think that bare trees and the liberal light of an unimpeded sun have the advantage over the decaying yellows and browns that filled the landscape a few weeks ago.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT H. B. HAYDON WHITE, D.S.O.: MISS MIRIAM OLIVE BARRETT.

Miss Miriam Barrett is the youngest daughter of Mr. Alfred Barrett, of Lammas, Cowes, Isle of Wight. Lieutenant Henry Basil Haydon White, D.S.O., 1st Battalion, Queen's Own (Royal West Kent Regiment), is the only child of the late Charles Haydon White, M.R.C.S., of Nottingham. Lieutenant White won his D.S.O. near Neuve Chapelle, for "great powers of leadership and determination of a high order."

Photograph by Swaine.

nursery at 36, Smith Square. Francis McLaren, who has always looked the youngest man in his own class—he was the babe of the House when he first entered it—is delighted at the birth of (as nearly as may be) a contemporary! "Who's Who," by the way, refrains from giving Mr. Francis McLaren's age, the editor, we must suppose, being shy of spoiling the charming illusion of youth which Lord Aberconway's son preserves in look and manner.

Mrs. Wharton. Mrs. Edith Wharton, who has lived in Paris for a number of years for the sake of its blouses and bookishness, and style in literature and life—who, in other words, has chosen to live in Paris because it is Paris—has been caught into the whirl of war-work, and has just passed the proofs of her book on "Fighting France." She has been motoring all through the hospital zone, and has set down in a way that is all her own the picture of a wounded but gallant people.

A Matter of Time? Mrs. Wharton is, perhaps, the wittiest woman of her generation. Her stories are full of the smart things that go on being repeated in table-talk long after they have appeared in print, and this in face of the fact that everybody is likely to know where they come from. Even

stale, they are better than other people's originalities. Like her friend Henry James, she has to all intents and purposes ceased to be "a practising American." Personally, Mrs. Wharton is quite as smart as her books; and her world has been very largely a world of dinner-parties. "How do you find time to write books? I never do!" quoth a pretty woman not long ago. The other marvel is that Mrs. Wharton, a woman of genius, finds time to dress and talk according to a rigorous Parisian fashion.

Lady Dudley's Loop. The queer talk that settled, for want of a more likely



TO MARRY MR. W. A. McCULLOCH CLIFF, 3RD KING'S OWN HUSSARS: MISS MABEL LILIAN SELBY-LOWNDES.

Miss Selby-Lowndes is the eldest daughter of Mr. Henry W. Selby-Lowndes, M.F.H., and Mrs. Selby-Lowndes, of Handley Cross, Lyminge, Kent. Mr. McCulloch Cliff is the only son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Cliff, of Fane Valley, Dundalk, Ireland.

Photograph by Swaine.

The Babe, M.P. Mrs. Francis McLaren, daughter of Sir Herbert and his wife, has been lately congratulated on the arrival of a baby. It belongs to the Westminster colony of McLaren, McKennas, and the rest, and later on will be putting in a cousin's claim upon a share in the Lutyens

subject, on the late Gustav Hamel has, one supposes, been effectively moved on. Where will it alight next? The Hamel rumour was particularly unwelcome, apart from family considerations, because of the wide popularity of the unfortunate flier. In his great year he was much petted in London. After Lady Dudley looped the loop in his machine his passenger-lists were always overcrowded, and he was never quite able to keep abreast of his promises to women anxious to fly under his wing. Hamel inspired confidence. He inspired a confidence that led from the tremulous trysts of the aerodrome to the more leisurely friendships of the fireside. He dined out for aviation, and was liked everywhere. It was Mr. Grahame-White who generally took such people as Mr. Balfour and Mr. McKenna and returned them safely to earth; but Hamel was on good terms with them all, and when he was lost, many ladies mourned their favourite flier.



TO MARRY MR. J. N. BUCHANAN: MISS N. I. BEVAN.

Miss Nancy Isabel Bevan is the only daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. David Bevan, of Burloes, Royston, Herts. Mrs. Bevan is a daughter of the first Viscount Hampden. Mr. J. N. Buchanan is in the Grenadier Guards.

Photograph by Langfier.

Holidays of Sorts. Paris still attracts. Lord and Lady Esher have been staying at the Hôtel Meurice, with Maurice Brett and his wife (the Zena Dare of old) to help them round a sobered and darkened city. The family party would have been larger still if Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Brett had not decided at the last moment to spend a brief holiday (Oliver Brett is in the War Office) in getting into a new London house instead of going to France. Such are the alternative recreations of war time—hanging pictures and generally doing the work of five men in the pungent atmosphere of packing-straw and pantechonics, or travelling through mines to a capital that is ten times more engrossed in the business of war than London.

Workers All. The Dowager Lady Rosslyn, who has been very ill, is up and about again, and joining in such war work as her doctors permit. Hers is a family difficult to curb in the matter of emergency enterprises. Her children and her children's children—not forgetting the two Duchesses—with their wives and husbands, make up a notable example of a hard-working unit; and now that both Lady Angela Forbes's daughters are helping, it would be difficult to name a single descendant who is out of a job.



TO MARRY MAJOR PHILIP MITFORD: MISS ALICE CONSTANCE MARY FOWLER.

Miss Fowler is the daughter of the late Sir John Arthur Fowler, of Braemore, Garve, Ross-shire, and sister of Sir John Edward Fowler, third Baronet. Major Philip Mitford is in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

Photograph by Langfier.

"I THINK" BECOMES "I WILL": A WEMYSS WEDDING.



SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF WEMYSS: LADY MARY CHARTERIS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LIEUTENANT A. W. STRICKLAND WAS ARRANGED TO TAKE PLACE IN CAIRO ON THE 20TH.

It was announced that the wedding of Lady Mary Charteris to Lieutenant A. W. Strickland would take place on Saturday (Nov. 20), in Cairo. Lieutenant Strickland, who is in the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Yeomanry, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Strickland, of Apperley Court, near Tewkesbury. The bride is the second of the three daughters of the Earl and Countess of Wemyss, and is twenty this year.

Her elder sister, Lady Cynthia, is the wife of Mr. Herbert Asquith, second son of the Prime Minister. Her eldest brother, Lord Elcho, married Lady Violet Manners, one of the beautiful daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. Apropos of our heading, we may mention that the family motto of the Earls of Wemyss is "Je Pense."—[*Photograph by Sarony.*]



THE CLUBMAN

A SOLDIER-STATESMAN: FOREIGN ORDERS: PLUMES THAT TALK.

"I am a Soldier." Mr. Churchill, in stepping out of politics for the moment, turns towards his old love, his first profession, and remembers that he is a soldier. And soldiers will remember that Winston Churchill was, in his day, one of the most dashing cavalry subalterns that ever served in the 4th Hussars. His war services are very varied, for he saw plenty of fighting on the Indian border, and he served also in Cuba and in South Africa. His capture by the Boers and his subsequent escape from Pretoria were but two of the incidents in his very varied South African service. He was attached to the 21st Lancers, the heroes of a wonderful charge during the advance on Omdurman. He wears on his left breast quite a fine array of medals, most of them with a goodly number of clasps on the medal ribbon; and it is, as all soldiers know, the clasps more than the actual possession of a medal that tell whether a soldier has seen actual fighting.

Why not General Churchill? Mr. Churchill has had his way and rejoined in France the Yeomanry, the Oxfordshire Hussars, in which he holds a commission—a regiment which has been abroad since a very early period of the war; and he is the second Minister within two years to leave the Front Bench at Westminster for the saddle and the sword. General Seely, like Mr. Winston Churchill, was an officer in the Yeomanry when he went to France. Sir F. E. Smith, who is also Colonel, has come back from France and his military duties to become a Cabinet Minister. General Churchill would have a fine familiar sound to our ears, recalling the deeds of the great Duke of Marlborough in his early years. I am glad that Mr. Churchill has his wish to serve in France, and hope his promotion may be rapid. Mr. Bonar Law put this very happily in the House on the evening that Mr. Churchill made his statement.

Earl Kitchener's New Order. Lord Kitchener, when he puts on all his stars on grand occasions, will have a new one to add to the constellation, for the King has given him permission to wear the Grand Cordon of the Order of Leopold, which the King of the Belgians has bestowed upon him for the services he has rendered to Belgium. On the star a golden Belgian lion ramps on a black field, and the ribbon is of a watered red. Another distinguished soldier who has been given permission to wear Orders bestowed on him by friendly countries is Sir Arthur Paget, who when on his mission last winter was given by the Tsar the insignia of St. Alexander Nevsky—an Order founded by the Empress Catherine I., the badge being a red enamel cross; he was also given the Order of the White Eagle, by King Peter of Serbia—an Order founded by Milan I., the ribbon of which is red and blue. Other officers have also been given permission to

wear Serbian decorations, the principal of these being, after the White Eagle, the Order of St. Sava and the Order of the Star of Karageorgevitch.

Salonika.

I think that most of us, priding ourselves on our knowledge that the vowels in most names of European places are pronounced broad, have been conscientiously mis-pronouncing the word "Salonika." Talking to a Greek the other day, I gave the word its full complement of broad vowels, and he failed to understand to what place I alluded. When he comprehended, he told me that, far from all the vowels being broad ones, they should all be clipped, and that the name ought to be pronounced with all the vowels short, just as we should pronounce it if it were an English town.

Steel Helmets.

It is curious how the new conditions of warfare are bringing back into use the oldest forms of weapons and protective armour. The grenades and the catapults are cases in point. The steel helmets that the French and ourselves are using as a protection against shrapnel are very much what foot soldiers wore in the Middle Ages as a protection against sword-cuts. The French Dragoons and Cuirassiers have retained the metal helmet which became their head-dress in Napoleonic days because, though many inventors have suggested other headgear to the French Ministry of War, nothing so comfortable as the old helmet or such a protection against sword-cuts has ever been found. When this war ends I venture to prophesy that the poor copy of the German pickelhaube that the British infantry soldier of the line wears in full dress will give place to a light steel helmet.

Coloured Plum. If, as I think, the steel helmet will be the British head-dress of the future, quite a number of old regimental distinctions will come back with

it, for no doubt a plume will be worn at the side or in front of the helmet in review order, and plumes carry a good deal of regimental history. There is one distinguished corps with a right to an all-red plume because in one battle they dyed their white plumes red in the blood of their enemies; and another corps, for a somewhat similar reason, has a right to a plume two-thirds red and one-third white. When plumes were abolished on British head-dresses, all these distinctions were continued in the pompoms which crowned the old shakos. When the helmets replaced the old shakos, which gave very little shade in front and none at all behind, the stories of the deeds the coloured plumes commemorated were relegated to regimental histories and to the memories of old soldiers; but a revival of the plumes would lead to revival of the old stories of glorious deeds.



SURELY THE MOST "DIFFICULT" BATH ON RECORD! A SOLDIER LOWERED INTO A CISTERN.

Surely, never was there a bath more curious than this cistern, most of which, it will be noticed, is under the ground! "Bathing under difficulties" does not describe the situation!—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

AT HOME TO-DAY — AT 13, NEW BOND STREET.



PRESIDING AT A SALE OF WORK: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

To-day (Nov. 24) the Duchess of Sutherland, with whom her husband's mother, Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, is co-operating, is "At Home," at 13, New Bond Street, for this year's Annual Sale of Work done by the Cripples' Guild, on behalf of the institution's support. Every year the friends of the two Duchesses are accustomed to foregather in

numbers for this special Sale of Work. This year's assemblage should prove second to none as a social magnet, for Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, it was stated beforehand, intended to come over from her hospital in France for the Sale. The many friends of both Duchesses should ensure a huge success.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

FIGHTERS: THEIR LITTLE TROUBLES.

THOMAS
HENRY

THE CONSTABLE: Now, then; he says you hit him first!

THE WORKMAN: Well, an' if I did. 'E bloomin' well insulted me — tellin' me ter go to ther Kaiser!

DRAWN BY THOMAS HENRY.

GRAHAM
SIMMONS

THE SCOT: Do you sell garters for stockings worn with the kilt?

THE ASSISTANT: No, Sir; but we have some charming sock-suspenders in tartan.

DRAWN BY GRAHAM SIMMONS.

A RUSSIAN TEA-BAZAAR: ITS OPENER.



A WORKER FOR RUSSIA ON RUSSIA'S DAY: LADY MAINWARING.

"Russia's Day," on Thursday of last week, was devoted in London, and throughout the Kingdom, to various efforts to win help for the Anglo-Russian Hospital at Petrograd, the wounded in Russia, for Russian prisoners in Germany, and for the provision of ambulances. The Empress of Russia, the Queen, and Queen Alexandra took personal interest in the various undertakings, which included a big matinée at the Alhambra Theatre, and a Russian tea-bazaar at the Ritz. This interesting and

unconventional bazaar was opened by Lady Mainwaring, whose portrait we give. Lady Mainwaring is the wife of Sir Harry Stapleton Mainwaring, of Peover Hall, Knutsford, and was before her marriage Miss Generis Alma Windham Williams-Bulkeley, daughter of Sir Richard Henry Williams-Bulkeley, twelfth Baronet. Lady Mainwaring was married in 1913 and has a little daughter, Diana Eira Claude, born last year.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

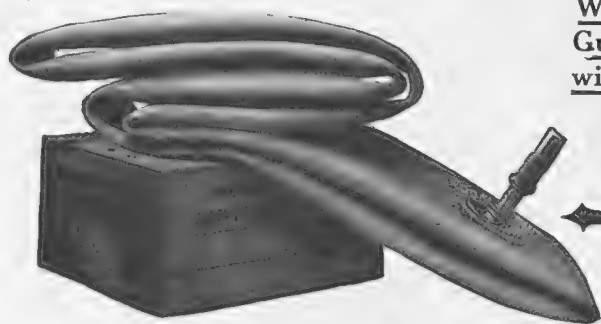
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BED-LAM.



THE OFFICER (*irately*): Why is that bed not made up like the others?

THE SERGEANT: It's a vacant bed, Sir.

THE OFFICER: And why the dooce isn't the man standing beside it?

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Victorian with a Difference.

The bustle is with us. The crinoline has emerged from the Museum of Dress and

Manners. In other words, the smart frock shows a predilection for Victorian ideals which would have been pronounced impossible three years ago. It must not be imagined for a moment, however, that we are to revert to a régime of horse-hair cushions and steel hoops. Nothing could be further from the mind of La Mode than a revival of the fashions which John Leach delighted to satirise. On the contrary,

that artist would probably hardly recognise the crinoline in its twentieth-century guise, and the bustle is far from being the hideous appendage which many women still remember with a thrill of horror. Rigid hoops and stodgy monstrosities were all very well for women who hardly dared to walk for fear of admitting possession of the limbs essential to that process, and whose power to faint upon or without provocation was reckoned as a sign of true womanliness. The healthy, vigorous, busy woman of today is in no mood to be inconvenienced. Not even at the shrine of fashion will she sacrifice her freedom of action. After the war she may change her mind. Just now she will fall in with Madame Mode's whims only so long as that erratic lady does not ask her to adopt elegance at the expense of comfort. So it comes about that bustles and crinolines are



"Wholly new is the melon-shaped muff... it carries its fur inside, the being chipmunk outer covering of gros de Londres is arranged in horizontal pleats."

demanded for the other. For the crinoline dress is often a diaphanous affair—an ethereal skirt, it may be, of lace, or tulle, or chiffon, or net "hoops," boldly disclosing the silk or satin-clad form which stalks beneath it. Occasionally a brief garment stiffened with horsehair lends fundamental support to the scheme; sometimes pleats and gathers only are relied on to produce the correct effect. The bustle and crinoline, however, are but two items in a long list of "revivals." There are others as important, if less conspicuous. Curious little wraps recall the pelisses of the 'forties; gathered skirts decorated with graduated bands of silk or velvet suggest the once-modish Barèges frocks.

The 'Sixties Up to Date.

At the house of Ernest, in Regent Street, every whim of fashion can be adapted to the requirements of individual needs, and the frock sketched by Dolores on this page is, for the moment, she has decided to be. It is carried out in

very short and very full. The old-world bodice terminates in a pleated, basque-like frill, and the leg-o'-mutton sleeve is set into a deep epaulette of embroidery reproducing the shades of the petticoat (of which more presently); and the serrated hem is bound with silk. The scheme is topped by a modified "Coachman" hat of velvet—like most hats just now—and glories in a pair of plumés placed athwart one another.



"The triple-tiered coat has an emerald-green lining which affords a welcome colour-note against the silky blackness of the broadtail; and the white pleated collar is another happy touch."

The Coloured Hem Again.

Beneath the skirt, with every movement of the wearer you catch tantalising glimpses of brightly coloured silk. It is the petticoat beneath, for that useful garment has reasserted its rustling sway. And if it is not the petticoat, then it is the coloured hem—an inside hem, be it understood, though sometimes it is turned up flap-like just at the back, for luck.

The Melon-Shaped Muff.

The triple-tiered coat shown here has an emerald-green lining which affords a welcome colour-note against the silky blackness of the broadtail of which it is made; and the white pleated collar is another happy touch. Wholly new and wholly

pleasing is the melon-shaped muff. Unlike many muffs, it carries its fur inside, the fur in this case being chipmunk, which curls outwards at either side, giving a hint of the cosiness within; while the outer covering of gros de Londres is arranged in horizontal pleats. The tassels are a great feature. Their ingredients are much ribbon, some gold embroidery, and the afore-mentioned chipmunk. The veil described here is only one of many novel varieties.



"The frock sketched here is an attractive example of fashion as, for the moment, she has decided to be. It is carried out in gros de Londres, and breathes Victorianism from every stitch—Victorianism adapted to present needs."

gros de Londres, and breathes Victorianism from every stitch—Victorianism adapted to present needs, of course. The skirt is



A heart-shaped bandage, of grey velvet embroidered with dull silver arrows, hanging from an ivory handle.



A feature of this veil is its border of yellow and black velvet berries to match the colouring of the hat.

SOFTENING THE BLOW.



MISTRESS: However did this happen, Mrs. Morris?

THE CHARLADY: I dunno, Mum. The moment I see it I says, "Deary me; you 'ave 'ad a nasty knock."

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

BY PROCESS OF EXHAUSTION.

BY WILLIAM FREEMAN.

THE express had left the tunnel, and I was in the act of taking the *Lancet* from the rack, when a violent application of the brakes sent me staggering against the seat. After an interval, I put down the paper, and, going to the window, peered out.

The guard, a grizzled man of about fifty, was making his way along the footboard, repeating monotonously "Is there anyone here who is a doctor? Any gentleman here who happens to be a doctor?"

I beckoned him. "I'm a doctor," I said. "Anything wrong?"

"Gent in a first-class compartment, Sir—Number One-double-ought-six." The man's face was white, and he was breathing gustily. "It's a case of murder or attempted murder. Lady in the next compartment happened to look out of the window and saw the door swinging and a sheet of paper stained with blood. She pulled the communication-cord and we stopped outside the tunnel."

He was moving briskly towards the rear of the train as he spoke, and I followed him, bag in hand. Curious eyes from many windows watched us as we made our way to No. 1006.

The only occupant was the murdered man—for murdered he plainly had been. He was sprawling, half-sitting, half-lying, in the far corner, his bald head almost touching the glass of the window. A trickle of blood stained the grey of his lounge-suit and ran down to the dusty rug on the floor. There was no sign of a weapon; but the instrument, whatever it was, had been wiped on a page torn from the magazine the dead man had been reading. I set down the facts as they were pointed out to me by the guard.

I made the usual tests.

"Nothing can be done," I said. "He's been dead for at least twenty minutes. How far are we from the next stopping-place?"

"Seven minutes' run, Sir. I can telephone to them from the signal-box close by."

"Do. I shall be needed at the inquest, of course. You've no idea as to the identity of the poor devil?"

The guard shook his head. "He came on to the platform almost as the train was starting. An empty first," he says, and gave me five shillings as I bundled him into one. The initials on the bag on the rack are 'G. R. McK.'"

"So I see. Meanwhile, here's my card. I'm due to deliver a lecture at Sheffield, or I'd break the journey and see the thing through."

The guard nodded, and glanced at his watch. He pulled down the blinds, locked both doors of the compartment, and made his way back to his van.

Before I had fairly resumed my article in the *Lancet* the express was roaring on its way with gathering speed.

Twelve good men and true gave it as their opinion that Sir George Redwood McKerrow, Bt., of Park Place, West, had met his death by violence at the hand of some person or persons unknown. The verdict remained undisputed: no other was possible. The few directly concerned gave their evidence—the guard, the elderly lady who had noticed the swinging door, myself. Brief biographies of the murdered man appeared in most of the papers. Stories—some of them doubtless apocryphal—concerning his immense wealth, his business acumen, his utter ruthlessness in crushing an adversary, went the rounds and were in due course forgotten. He had never married, and his heir was a nephew named Quearn, until latterly in legal practice in New York. Within a month of the inquest, I received a letter from Quearn asking me to call.

The address was 107, Park Place—the house until lately occupied by the dead man. My work is largely experimental, my time very much at my own disposal. I telephoned, making an appointment for the same afternoon.

Quearn met me in the library. I found him a tall, spare man, with brilliant, restless eyes, and a decided manner. His passionate determination to see his uncle's murderer brought to justice remained the most abiding memory of our first interview.

"He mayn't have been an ideal character," he said, "but he'd

grip and go, and brains enough for forty. I've spent a week with his lawyers, and haven't even mastered a summary of his affairs. He bought mines and companies and copyrights and options as an ordinary man buys groceries."

"So I've heard," I said, a trifle stiffly.

"The point, Doctor, is this. As I expect you've seen from the papers, I am my uncle's sole heir, and, if the expression isn't too melodramatic, I intend to be his avenger. I've called at Scotland Yard more times than I care to remember, but American business methods are altogether too go-ahead for them, and we last parted on terms that were far from cordial. If they'd been able to find the weapon, or a complete set of finger-prints, or a button worth identifying, they might have made good; but, as matters stand, they're at the end of their tether. Now, my idea is to cast a net comprehensive enough to catch every man, woman, or child who could by any human possibility have been concerned in the crime. It isn't a thing to be undertaken single-handed, and I want help. I read the evidence you gave at the inquest, and I've come to the conclusion that you're my man. I will pay you ten shillings an hour, over and above out-of-pocket expenses, for the time you spend in my employment, and a bonus of a thousand pounds if and when the criminal's brought to book." Then, as I did not reply, he added, "The idea may need thinking over; let me know by to-morrow if we're to call it a deal. I'm due at the lawyers' again in ten minutes, or I'd explain more elaborately."

He shook hands, and a footman was showing me from the big, over-furnished hall into the street before I realised that the interview was at an end. But later, thinking it over in my rooms, I saw that the Fates were offering me a chance which it would be the sheerest lunacy to refuse. My income was meagre, and, even at the best of times, uncertain: Quearn's princely rate of pay would give me enough money to carry on a series of experiments in germ-culture which would otherwise have to be abandoned. I wrote that evening, definitely closing with the offer, and on the following morning McKerrow's big grey car, with Quearn himself in the driving-seat, drew up at the door.

"I'd your note an hour ago," he said. "Can you begin at once?"

There was nothing to keep me. I put on my hat and coat, and joined him. We swung westward through the swirl of traffic, and twenty minutes later found ourselves at the house.

"I've ordered the study to be given over to you," he said, as he climbed down. "The advantage of a New York training is that it teaches one to work systematically, and I'm going to see this job through if it means spending half-a-million. Whatever weapons civilisation can give me I'll use."

He led the way through the library into a smaller room opening out of it. A window at the far end overlooked a small garden; the rest of the wall-space was occupied by shelving filled with books of reference—directories and so forth—or jannaped deeded-cases. A roll-top desk, a small table, and a couple of chairs completed the furniture.

Quearn opened a drawer and took out a double sheet of foolscap.

"This," he said, "is a list of a few of the people who, at the time of my uncle's death, happened to have some sort of grievance against him. I compiled it from his private letters and from various legal documents, but it doesn't pretend to be complete. For instance, at the top you'll see: *Abbott, Matthew George, Engineer, Tolworth.* Abbott was a man who invented a process which went a good way towards preventing the formation of naphtha in gas-pipes. If he could have completed it, he would have been a millionaire several times over. My uncle bought all rights, but stipulated that no payment should be made until patents had been granted in all the chief European countries. Apparently it didn't occur to Abbott that Germany was one of these, with the result that McKerrow at the time of his death was drawing some nine hundred a week from the thing, while the inventor got nothing. And there's the case of young Lord Exe, who was jockeyed out of ground-rents in the City worth a couple of thousand a year; and a dozen others."

[Continued overleaf.]

MORE WORK FOR THE NAVY!



THE BOY ON THE RAILS: 'i, Jellicoe! If you're goin' down again, you might 'ave a look fer my knife, will yer?
It's got two blades an' a brown 'andle.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

"But," I objected, "were any of these people on the express on the night that McKerrrow was murdered?"

"That's precisely what I want you to find out. I don't imagine there'll be much difficulty about it." He made out a cheque for fifty pounds and handed it to me, with the foolscap. "Let me know in a week's time what luck you've had."

But I was able to call again at the end of four days.

"So far as I have been able to ascertain," I told him, "none of these people entered the 9.3 to Sheffield on Oct. 7. Here is a definite list of their movements."

He glanced at the paper and put it in his pocket.

"Then, since one man doesn't kill another without a motive, we must begin at the other end, and find out who, among the passengers, did owe him any sort of grudge. Wait——"

He sat down at the desk, wrote rapidly for a moment, and handed me a slip of paper.

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS," I read, "will be paid to any person proving conclusively that he or she was a passenger in the train which left Marylebone for Sheffield at three minutes past nine on the evening of Oct. 7 last. Apply in the first instance, by letter only, to Dr. JORDAN WALTHER, 17, Rostrevor Terrace, N."

"That advertisement," said Quearn, "will appear as soon as possible in a hundred daily local papers in London and elsewhere. A week later, it will be repeated in a hundred others. As you get in touch with the various applicants, it will be your duty to sift their claims, and, in the event of their proving genuine, to pay the money. Any claimants that you find have been connected, directly or indirectly, with my uncle you will send here to interview me. Obtain from the railway company—I suppose the thing can be done—the number of passengers who travelled by that particular train. Employ a private detective if you find the work too overwhelming, and let me know when you're in need of funds." He paused, and added, "By the way, are you interested in artistic photography?"

I shook my head.

"I was a fool to ask—the shape of your fingers labels you as a scientist first and last. But I was wondering whether you were familiar with the work of Eugene Chennell. The man was a portrait-painter—an Academy exhibitor, and on his way to an A.R.A.-ship—when he first met McKerrrow. There were certain transactions between them which left Chennell hopelessly in debt, but my uncle, with a rare spasm of generosity, offered to start the man as a photographer in the West End on condition that he made him a present of the first dozen. Curiously enough, Chennell took these particular photographs on the very morning of the tragedy. The finished copies arrived yesterday, and they are so extraordinarily lifelike that I'm having one enlarged and hung in the library."

"Any special reason?" I asked.

"Merely that, if the murderer can face it without giving himself away, he'll be made of stronger stuff than I," said Quearn.

I did not need the help of a private detective in my investigations, for events developed to simplify the work, and I made better progress than I expected. In the first instance, the express had been very sparsely filled; in the second, a party of school-teachers, travelling together, accounted for over thirty of the passengers.

Quearn sent me generous cheques from time to time, but it was two weeks later before I called to see him. I was rather anxious to know whether Chennell's enlargement had arrived, but was ushered straight from the hall into the study. Quearn came in through the library. He read my report and nodded approval.

"You've covered the ground remarkably well, Doctor. I see there are nearly seventy names here. Are there any who——?"

"Four," I told him, "though one is ruled out for physical reasons. Their names are James Floyd, Miss Marian Eisleworth, Arthur Morse, and Eustace Tarver."

"Who are they?"

"Floyd was a foreman mechanic employed by a cycle company of which McKerrrow was chairman. He was dismissed for theft, though the case against him was far from clear. He subsequently brought an action for defamation of character, but failed. Marian Eisleworth was a Bond Street crystal-gazer. McKerrrow consulted her, resented what she told him, and gave information to the police that resulted in a fine and the ruin of her business. The girl seems to have been harmless enough otherwise, and to have been supporting a mother and an invalid sister. Morse is a man of nearly seventy who lost his entire savings when McKerrrow smashed up the Bread Consumers' Association; and Tarver was badly hurt in a chemical explosion caused by the manager, under McKerrrow's directions, neglecting ordinary precautions with a view to cutting down expenses. There was a good deal about it in the Press at the time, but the authorities took no action beyond censuring the manager."

"It's queer that all these four should happen to have been in the express."

"Not when one discovers the number of enemies McKerrrow made. As a matter of fact, Tarver couldn't have been the murderer. A man on crutches couldn't walk fifty yards along the footboard of a train travelling as many miles an hour."

"Obviously. But the other three?"

"They can interview you here whenever it suits you."

"They've no suspicions——?"

"Not the slightest. They don't associate the inquiry in any way with McKerrrow."

Quearn stood twisting the paper in his fingers.

"Fix it up for Wednesday, then—say, three o'clock. I'll see them in the library, one at a time. I'd like you to be in the study, and I'll have a private detective waiting in the hall outside. It's been a queer, tangled business, and I'm glad the end's in sight."

"Assuming, that is, that I've accounted for every passenger, and that it wasn't a case of homicidal mania, pure and simple."

"If it was, I've fooled away a small fortune. But this finishes it—I shan't begin again."

I went back to my rooms in Rostrevor Terrace, to find an analysis of some importance awaiting me; but the interview had left me restless and unstrung—a state of mind unusual since the days of my studentship—and I found it impossible to settle to work. The hours dragged abominably, while sleep was practically out of the question.

On Wednesday afternoon I was nearly an hour early, and was shown straight into the study. From my concealment there I heard the arrival, in turn, of Miss Eisleworth, Morse, and Floyd. I had had some curiosity, but no opposition, to encounter, before I persuaded them to come: none of them in the least suspected a trap. For the girl I was especially sorry.

Morse was the first to be interviewed. I could hear the rise and fall of voices—the one calm; the other bewildered, and, finally, tremendously indignant. It ended in some sort of apology from Quearn, the unlocking of the drawer that held the cheque-book, the scratching of pen over paper, and silence.

Floyd followed—I could distinguish the man's slight lisp: "From an interminable argument that dragged at last to an end, I gathered that he was demanding full and ample compensation as an alternative to a legal action. Finally he left, and the girl was ushered in. Through a chink in the door I caught a glimpse of her mother—a faded, tired-looking woman—waiting in the hall."

From the library came a murmur, followed by a stifled scream, and then the sound of sobbing. Quearn spoke soothingly, and there was silence.

The connecting door was flung suddenly open, and Quearn faced me.

"We've run the criminal to earth," he said, and his eyes were wild and bright. "Come in, Doctor."

I followed him back into the library. A powerfully built man who was standing near the window turned and nodded a greeting. It needed no introduction to brand him as the detective. On the mantelpiece stood an oak-framed picture, the front still half-covered by its brown-paper wrappings. Quearn dragged them off, and I saw that it was the photograph of McKerrrow, enlarged almost to life-size. The thing seemed to live and breathe. A wave of horror engulfed me, and for a moment the room was lost in a grey mist. It cleared slowly, and I heard Quearn speaking—

"I won't ask if you're familiar with the theory that the likeness of a murderer photographs itself, so to speak, on the pupils of his victim's eyes—it's one of those queer things that most people are told and refuse to credit. In this case, something even more extraordinary has happened—the camera has recorded a likeness of the criminal *before* the murder was committed. It was the girl who pointed out the fact to me. She has a theory that McKerrrow went in secret terror of the man, and that this is the result. If you'll examine closely——"

He would have pushed a magnifying-glass into my hand, but I did not need its help to see what was there.

"Then it wasn't one of the three?" I asked—a foolish question, considering.

"It wasn't one of the three."

"In which case," I continued, "our process of exhaustion comes to an end, and a statement on my own account would be advisable."

"I agree with you entirely," said Quearn.

"Very well, then. I killed McKerrrow because he robbed me of the fruits of fifteen years' labour, and because men of his stamp are a danger and a menace to any civilised community—bandits to be exterminated as such. . . . I had seen him get into the compartment, I knew that those that separated us were empty, and I drove one of my instruments into his heart while the train was in the tunnel. He died before he could cry out, and he had been dead five minutes, not twenty, when I made my examination."

"You do not surprise me," said Quearn, and his voice was so ludicrously level that I laughed aloud. "I have considerable knowledge of the criminal temperament, and I've studied you rather carefully lately. . . . Quick there, Mostyn!"

The other man, who up till then had said and done nothing, made a lightning-like plunge that knocked clattering to the floor the phial I had taken from my pocket.

Since then—and more especially since the beginning of the trial—they have watched me day and night. But there are other doors of escape. They have allowed me pencil and paper, both brought from my laboratory, to write this record. I have always been one to prepare for emergencies, and there is a capsule concealed in the end of the metal protector which offers a sure passport from the clumsy justice of my fellow-men.

THE END.



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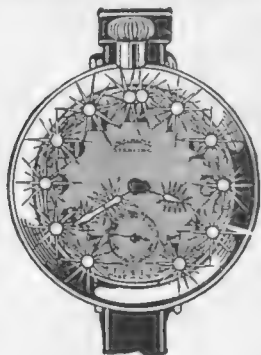
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Lieut. G——, British Expeditionary Force, France, writes, 8th Oct., 1915:

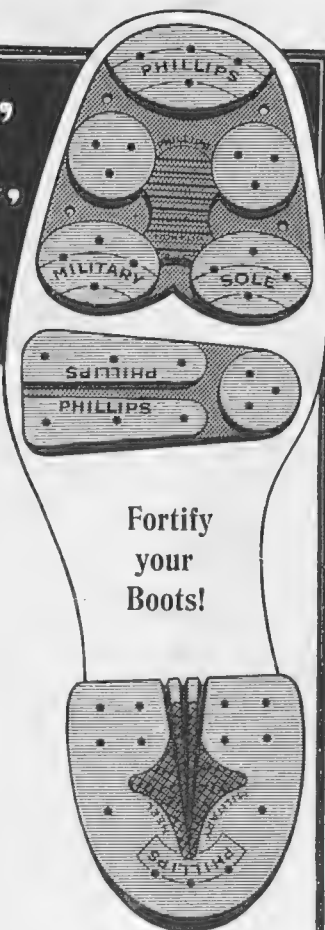
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WOMAN'S WAYS

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Piquant Occupations.

Modern necessities have produced some humorous situations in the social sphere. Now that the servant class has disappeared in khaki, and well-bred folk are taking their places, the oddest things are happening. Apparently the new chauffeur, for instance, is willing to do more than merely drive a car. He advertises for a place as "chauffeur-secretary." There will be cases, no doubt, where the chauffeur will not only drive his master to the Houses of Parliament, but will compose a spirited and patriotic speech for him for use when he delivers him at the door. If in doubt on the way as to the wisdom of some trope or phrase, the legislator can take up his speaking-tube and ask for advice from the man at the wheel. The chauffeur, to be sure, will have the best of it. He will be able to contribute to the debates of the country, while he can take the air and not be compelled to listen to those inside the House. The young person of a mechanical turn is also offering herself as "chauffeuse-companion." This phenomenon raises up complex social questions. Should the chauffeuse-companion, when she drives her master and mistress to the Opera, take her place with them, as a matter of course, in the boxes or stalls? Already the situation is complicated. Someone emerging from a Bond Street shop in search of her missing motor-car was heard lamenting that she was sure that "Phyllis must have gone off to see the Dulac caricatures at the Leicester Galleries." Whether Phyllis the Chauffeuse was tracked to her lair is not known, but the affair is an earnest of what we may expect in the near future.

Reasonable Extravagance.

We are all a trifle bewildered by the frantic admonitions of the Government to pinch, spare, and scrape in our personal expenditure, while it is the secret of Polichinelle that the war has been carried on for more than twelve months with gross waste and extravagance in every direction. We should all feel they were in earnest if Ministers gave up a portion of their enormous salaries during the war, and if Members of Parliament gracefully resigned their £400 a year. We are all abjured to hoard our pennies and to give up our gold; yet, if no money circulates, how dire is not the poverty and distress of a country? A cheerful wounded Irishman in a London hospital was giving me his views on his own island. He told me how rich the individual Irish peasant is, though he lives in a mud hovel. The peasant does not spend his money, but hoards it, only touching his "pile" when a marriage for one of his children is being arranged, and then it is transferred to someone else's hoard. Hardly any money circulates, and the aspect of the countryside is one of extreme poverty. Often tourists in some sumptuous motor-car will stop at a cabin to give alms to the supposed "starving" peasantry, while, all the while, as my Munster Fusilier assured me with a twinkle, "them old folks had got as much as the motor-car was worth buried under the hearth-stone."

Greece and the Pudding.

If Greece should prove treacherous, we ought to refuse to buy her currants, and to dispense with plum-pudding and mince-pies. A Christmas without these somewhat over-praised dishes would be by no means intolerable. We might console ourselves with French or Italian sweets, and the conspicuous absence of the flaming pudding would serve to make memorable, especially to the nursery, the Great War of 1915. In the end, when the fighting is over, it will resolve itself into a gigantic commercial war. We shall buy from our Allies and friends, and refuse to truck with Germany, Austria, and Turkey.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Plain English from the Russian Front.

Like everyone else indulging in European travel during the late summer of 1914, Mr. John Morse got caught by the war. It caught him in a little far-eastern German town, from whence he had a sensational flight over the border into Russian Poland. Having caught up with the Russian troops, he was interviewed by an obliging Major who spoke English—for, like Washington, Mr. Morse was no linguist. They offered to send him to Riga—"But I am an Englishman, thank God, and I was not inclined to turn my back on my country's foes until I had seen the whites of their eyes and let them see mine." That was how the first week of August saw him riding in the ranks of the 4th Cossacks.

The Brute, Master and Man.

Though Mr. Morse can be just, and generous too, towards the foe, there is a world to choose between his impressions of German and Russian soldiery. He tells this tale of a Prussian regiment route-marching. "One of the musicians blew a false note; the bandmaster immediately turned and struck the man a stinging blow on the face. I believe the German Army is the only one in the world where such an incident could occur." The German officers drove their men in front of them; once before the enemy, "the soldiers fought with fury."

The "Finished Fiend."

Mr. Morse has some terrible revelations of what Germans are capable of. He has seen Russians brought into camp with their eyes gouged out, with nose and ears cropped, with a lacerated tongue lolling from the mouth. As he hid, himself an escaped prisoner, starving, crippled, unarmed, and therefore powerless to interfere, he saw a "young beast" of some twenty years ill-use a woman, while one of the devils he commanded kicked away her children. He saw an old man, probably the woman's father, who tried to interfere, shot down. He saw the house fired; and his story of the woman who spent the night moaning on the dead body of a man is almost more than mind can bear. The next morning he dragged her and her children, one lame from the kicking, with a bruise the size of a tea-saucer on her little body, to the refuge of a neighbouring house.

And the Russians?

"Not all the Germans were fiends—not all the Russians saints. . . . I will say this, though: that, throughout the campaign, no instance of a Russian injuring a woman or a child came under my notice, nor did I hear of any such cases." Neither did it ever happen, as with the Germans it often did, that whole companies rushed over with their arms to surrender. The Russian's Commanding Officer, like his Tsar, is his Little Father—"a sacred being; his priest as well as his temporal master." Officer and soldier are one. After an action in which three-quarters of his Cossacks were lost, he describes the remnant as being of wonderful courage. They were all hurt, and they fought on. Even British soldiers could not have shown greater heroism. His own orderly, "who had attached himself to me, had a bullet through the fleshy part of the left arm, yet he brought me some hot soup and black bread after dark—whence obtained or how prepared I have no idea." As a cavalry officer Mr. Morse believes him better than the German, and his bayonet-work infinitely so. Mr. Morse was captured by a regiment of Uhlans, and the last chapters of his story are as thrilling as can be imagined. His escape and flight along the brook courses, hiding in the rushes by day and travelling by night, should have a "Lounge" to itself. But it will read better in the plain, unvarnished pages of his own prose.

"An Englishman in the Russian Ranks." By John Morse. (Duckworth; 6s.)



THE DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS SUBMARINE-INVENTOR ENGAGED: MISS MARGARET LAKE, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. HERBERT DIAMOND.

Miss Lake is the daughter of Mr. Simon Lake, the famous American inventor of mine-laying submarines able to move on wheels along the sea-bed, whose designs Germany is believed to have appropriated. Miss Lake, who was educated in London, Paris, and Berlin, is a clever linguist and pianist. Mr. Diamond, of New Haven, Conn., is an Assistant Professor of Sociology at Yale.—[Photograph by Topical.]



ORGANISING, WITH VISCOUNTESS DUPPLIN, THE NATIONAL CONSUMERS' LEAGUE: LADY MUIR-MACKENZIE.

The National Consumers' League, which Lady Muir-Mackenzie and Lady Dupplin are organising, is in the nature of co-operative stores for the middle class on the same lines as those existing for the poor. Lady Muir-Mackenzie, who is of Irish birth, is the wife of Sir John Muir-Mackenzie, formerly temporary Governor of Bombay.

Photograph by Hoppe.

A Beautiful BUST

Guaranteed in 30 days.

I have helped thousands of women to obtain perfect development through a simple means by which any woman can easily enlarge her bust to the exact size and firmness desired.

Free to Readers of
"The Sketch"



THOUSANDS of women are to-day the possessors of beautiful busts and perfect forms as the result of accidental discovery made more than two years ago by Madame Margarete Merlain, whose fame has now spread to nearly every part of the world. While taking a new prescription for building up her health, Madame Merlain suddenly noticed that her bust was growing from almost nothing to a very large size; in fact, her bust measure increased six inches in 30 days.

Physicians and Chemists to whom the matter was reported arranged to try the new treatment she had used on ten other women without busts. The results obtained within a few days truly astonished the sages of medicine and science, and in a few weeks each of the ten women had obtained a most marvellous enlargement of the bust. Next it was tried on 50 women without busts, and the same marvellous enlargement was obtained.

Madame Merlain is herself a living example of the great power of her remarkable discovery. By many she is considered to have the most beautiful bust and most perfect form of any woman in Europe. But, best of all, this wonderful discovery not only succeeded in her own case and in those where special tests were made, but it seems to have worked even more astonishing results in the cases of others, even after ordinary pills, massage, wooden cups, and various advertised preparations had all been tried without the slightest results.

Miss Helen Marion Bucket, of 166, Cholmeley Road, Reading, writes:—"Since using the Venus-Carnis treatment my bust has developed in all four inches, an improvement for which I am extremely thankful."

Madame de Ziskrovsky, of Paris, says:—"My bust was flat and soft, and, thanks to your marvellous treatment, I now have a bust firm and well developed, which is the admiration of all. I am all the more grateful to you as I had already tried several other remedies, which had all been without the least results."

Madame Dixon, of Cannes, says:—"The great hollows in my neck, which were my despair, have completely disappeared. My bust has become firm and considerably larger, and I am now able to wear low-necked gowns without shame and humiliation."

Mrs. McGee, of Colwyn Bay, Wales, says:—"My breasts, which were a short time ago quite flat and undeveloped, are now, I am proud to say, round, and just as large and firm as I desire to have them. I also feel much brighter and better than before."

Dr. Colonnay, of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, declares:—"No matter whether a woman be young or old, nor what her condition of health may be, I firmly believe that in the Venus-Carnis treatment she has an infallible method for developing and beautifying her bust."

Dr. Domenico Scuncio, of Prata Sannita, Italy, states:—"I beg to confirm my previous letters concerning the Venus-Carnis treatment, and I have pleasure in informing you that my patient has used this treatment and is very satisfied with the really marvellous results that she has obtained. I can therefore conscientiously state that this treatment is excellent, and that it can in no way be compared to others of its kind claiming to give the same results."

There are hundreds of just such statements as the above on file in my office, as well as actual photographs taken one month apart, before and after the use of this remarkable treatment. You can come and see them for yourself, or, if inconvenient to call, I will gladly send you, absolutely free and under plain, sealed cover, complete instructions regarding the exact means by which you can enlarge your own bust to the size and firmness you desire. All I ask is two penny stamps to help cover cost of posting, and I positively guarantee you a beautiful bust in thirty days, no matter how flat or undeveloped you may be at present. What this treatment has done for others it is bound to do for you. Use the free coupon below to-day.

FREE COUPON for obtaining a BEAUTIFUL BUST in 30 days

Cut out this Coupon and send to-day with your name and address (or write and mention No. 260.B.), enclosing two penny stamps to help cover postage expenses, to Margarete Merlain (Dept. 260.B), Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W., and you will receive full instructions regarding the exact means for making your bust as large and firm as you desire, absolutely free, under plain, sealed cover.

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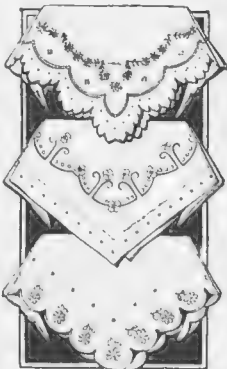
Robinson & Cleaver's Irish Linen Handkerchiefs may be obtained at manufacturers' prices. By purchasing direct from us you save the middleman's profit.

No. 33 (as top illustration). Ladies' superfine mull scalloped embroidered Handkerchiefs, measuring about 12 inches square. per dozen 9/11

No. 533 (as centre illustration). Ladies' superfine mull embroidered Handkerchiefs, measuring about 13 inches square. per dozen 9/11

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Real Turtle

No other soup you can make or buy is half so nourishing and delicious as Real Turtle Soup made from the **pure meat of West Indian Turtles**. This King of Soups can now be obtained in compressed tablets, sufficient to make a cupful of that rich-flavoured consommé once limited to the tables of the mighty. You can have **Real Turtle** for dinner this evening. Instruct your Cook to get a 1/- Carton, containing six tablets, from your Grocer, or send P. O. direct to—

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TABLE DELICACIES

The WATFORD MFG. CO., Ltd., proprietors of BOISSELIERS (Boy-sel-e-a) CHOCOLATES, VI-COCA, and FREEMANS TABLE DAINTIES, Victoria Works, WATFORD, England.



Good Deeds Come Home to Roost.

We are accustomed to hear of the homecoming propensities of curses, and they are kittle-cattle to deal with. Lady Henry Somerset on the night of the last Zeppelin raid—I hope there will not be another ere these words are printed—went to the hospital for wounded soldiers she has established, on the town side of Crawley. Her flat in town that night was wrecked by a bomb from one of the ships of evil. There were many beautiful things in that flat, and many of them were destroyed; but the lady of thousands of good deeds is still with us and uninjured. So we may take it that good actions come home to roost, and we wish them more comfortable perches than curses!

Winston's Wife's Wishes.

When Mr. Winston Churchill was married, he was very much in love with his handsome wife; doubtless he is far more so now! It was suggested to her that she could make anything of him. Her reply was, perhaps; but the important thing was that he should make a big thing of himself, and she believed that he would do so. It has never been her way, clever and brilliant as undoubtedly she is, to trail him as a star at her chariot wheels; but to keep his home life as happy as that of a public man harassed in a European war may be. Her wishes for him are, she always says, just his own! Whatever else may be said about Mr. Winston Churchill, it can be truly said that he is strong and patriotic, and has a brilliant brain.

The Best Only Good Enough.

Now that we have the fact to face that there are so many invalids made by war, we turn with gratitude greater than ever to the firm of

J. Foot and Son, 171, New Bond Street, where every appliance for the ease and comfort of the wounded and incapacitated has been so patiently and so successfully worked out. The Burlington Chair, illustrated on another page, has proved a blessing to thousands, for the luxurious rest it affords. What it is to wounded men it is difficult for well people to imagine. The merest touch on a spring alters the position, and this is a real boon to a man of action who would suffer much before he would summon help to move; then the side-panels open out on a hinge, facilitating getting in and out. There is an adaptable leg-rest; there is a table across the chair which can be used for meals, a game, or other occupation, and also is convertible into a reading or writing desk. Never was there such a perfectly comfortable chair to get well in. There is also the Adapta Table, which secures perfect comfort for meals in bed, or reading or writing in bed; makes a table for little people to play their games on; and is also most useful as a music-desk for violin, 'cello, or wind-instrument playing, or to hold war-maps or a drawing-board. An independent adjustable leg-rest is a real boon to a man who has been wounded or has contracted rheumatism. It is for use with any chair, and

can be used level or adjusted. When closed, it makes a capital footstool, which, when not in use, can be run under the seat. Back-rests of the most scientifically comfortable kind are also presents for our wounded heroes to be found at Foot's; and there are many other appliances for mitigating pain and banishing discomfort.

Warmth and the War.

Black diamonds are on the way to be as expensive as white ones. Not only do coals cost a lot, but they cause a lot of work. There are dirty grates to clean, dust to get rid of, and dirt to dissipate. What we want this war-time winter is warmth that is even, economical, and cleanly. Well, gas-stoves are now so perfect and so efficient that for cleanliness, labour, and money-saving, they are, to be slangy but expressive, "It"! Woman's wit and a good gas-cooker are quite as effective as a servant; and servants can always find well-paid employment in making munitions.

No Innings for Elderly Ineffectives.

The dear old boys who sunned themselves so delightfully in the smiles of the nice girls while the boys were away at the Boer War hoped for another innings—not the same old boys, but their successors—and, alas! there is none for them. The girls are too busy: either they are working at munitions, canteens, buffets, releasing fighting men, or nursing wounded ones; and so the old boys fall on the Government and destroy them member by member, or fall on each other and wrangle worse than the Government, for Kingsley's song of to-day might be: "Men must fight and women must work." There is no time for weeping, let alone frivolous!

Is Khaki Becoming?

Even in war-time it is permitted to our sex to think about our looks (I sometimes suspect the other sex of similar thoughts)—it is, indeed, expected of us. The military wear of the Empire is considered to be unbecoming to us. Well, perhaps it is; yet I saw a tawny-haired girl with gold-brown eyes, in the khaki uniform of the Women's Volunteer Reserve, and never had I seen her look so well. Then I saw a tall, dark girl with fine colouring, whom also I passed for good looks; then a fair, almost colourless girl came along wearing khaki—I do not know to what unofficial corps she belonged; but she was manifestly not looking her best; and one thing is quite apparent to the unbiassed observer: khaki's becomingness to the face may be questioned; but not its unbecomingness to any but tall, slight, trim figures! Even in these anxious days it is very obvious that at least as much of the effect depends upon the wearer as upon the dress, or colour, worn.



IN WHITE AND BLACK AND SILVER
A CHARMING TEA-GOWN.

A sleeveless coat of black and silver brocade trimmed with white fox is worn over an under-dress of white accordion-pleated mousseline-de-soie, girdled with jet beads.



ON PURITAN LINES: A GREY
TAFFETA FROCK.

The fichu effect with sloping shoulders and very full sleeves seen in this model indicate a new trend in the fashion. It is made of grey taffeta, with bands of darker velvet.



TO BE WORN IN OR OUT-OF-
DOORS: A COAT-DRESS.

Copper-coloured velvet allied with silver fox and steel buttons make up this cosy-looking frock. The collar of fur is detachable.

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"MAPPIN" Toilet Services are not only fine specimens of the Silversmith's Art, but are also serviceable. The one illustrated is in tortoiseshell and sterling silver, and possesses that high standard of workmanship which has been characteristic of the House of Mappin for over a Century.

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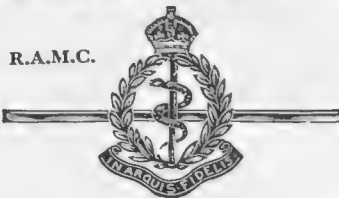
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Harrods' Military Crest Jewellery is faithfully reproduced from actual crests, whilst the finish can only be described as perfect, the result of fine master craftsmanship

SHOP EARLY and exercise that kindly thoughtfulness which will be of
the utmost assistance to the business of your country.
HARRODS CLOSE AT FIVE O'CLOCK

HARRODS Ltd.

(RICHARD BURBIDGE, Managing Director)

LONDON, S.W.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE VALUE OF THE ARMoured CAR : SPEED-LIMITS : THE LIGHTS PROBLEM AGAIN.

The Armoured Car Justified.

As one who urged the claims of the armoured car in the very early days of the war, I have been pleased to note Mr. Churchill's tribute to its utility and value. We know, of course, that the settling down of the campaign into a prolonged trench and artillery warfare put considerations of offensive mobility into the background for the time being, but that is no reason why armoured cars should not be regarded as indispensable to the complete equipment of an army. It might equally well be urged that cavalry should be entirely abolished because the opposing forces are at a standstill on or in prepared ground. As a matter of fact, however, armoured cars were of great service even at Neuve Chapelle; among other things, I believe, they were employed to charge and break down wire entanglements. On one occasion, too, they filled a gap in the lines and saved a regiment of cavalry which had been left "in the air." They have been used in South, East, and West Africa, and other places, with great effect, besides in Flanders and France. Notwithstanding the present all but stationary conditions at the front, the day of the armoured car will yet come, and Mr. Churchill has declared that its power and value will be inestimable when conditions of manœuvre prevail and armies are moving swiftly to and fro.

A New Risk.

Whenever a new system is introduced, it generally involves the contingent possibility of unsuspected risk merely because experience has not made us familiar with its every feature. The central speed-changing and brake control now common to many American cars is a case in point. Hitherto the entire control of a car has been well out of the passenger's reach, and the driver alone has been the one to do the right or the wrong thing in any given circumstances. The centrally placed levers, however, are not only just as near to the front passenger as to the driver, but also enable the latter to enter from his own side; hence the passenger is not compelled to wait until the driver is aboard, but may mount the car first and possibly effect some mischief. It is now tolerably certain that, through some sheer misadventure, this is what happened in the Beachy Head tragedy, and it is abundantly clear that passengers on American cars should be warned not to step aboard until the driver himself is in command.

Some Quaint Speed-Limits.

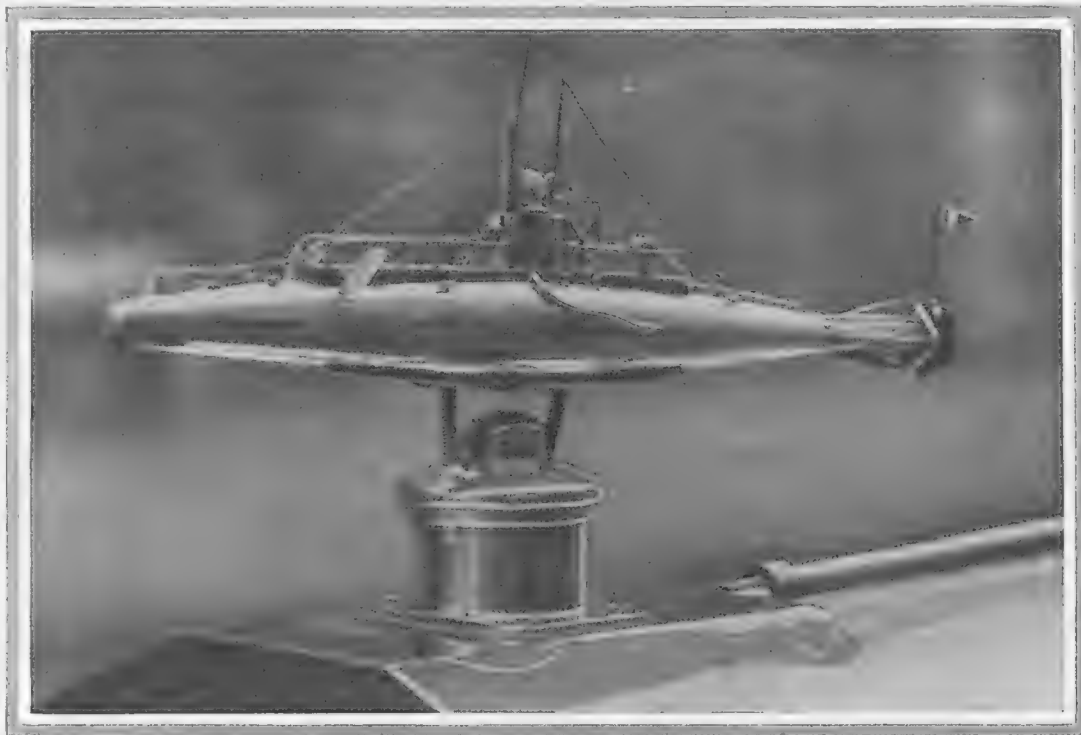
The first business of a poster is to be convincing, but one does not altogether recognise this quality in the latest means by which the Underground railways have sought to emphasise the delights of railway travelling as compared with other forms of locomotion. Headed simply by the word "Speed," a new placard which now figures on the walls of the various Tube stations embodies pictorial representations of six different methods of progression. The first is an ancient "growler," with a broken-down horse, and labelled

"One Mile per Hour." Then follows a one-legged organ-grinder, with three other pedestrians, classed as "Two Miles per Hour." Below these comes a coster's barrow, in full cry, labelled at six miles. The next picture shows a motor-'bus at ten miles, to which succeeds a taxi-cab at twelve; and, by way of finale, an Underground railway coach is seen, with the inspiring label of "Twenty-four Miles an Hour" attached. Now there are millions of people who know nothing about motor-cars as such, but are carried daily on motor-omnibuses or taxi-cabs, and to them not only is the fact perfectly familiar that these vehicles travel at much higher rates of speed than those indicated on the poster in question, but it may also be said that the passengers would in no wise be content with such unbusinesslike rates of progression. As for the electric-coach, it would be very interesting to be shown the train that averages anything like the speed named on the Underground. Personally, I reach my office in less time when I drive to town by road than when I travel on the District Railway, and I neither employ a big car nor hustle foot-passengers out of the way.

A Road Scandal.

There used to be plenty of outcry about bright lamps before the war, but sensible people have since realised, by contrast with the present state of things, that the only source of safety is to allow the driver, no matter what kind of vehicle he uses, to see where he is going, and to place the onus of responsibility on his shoulders. Meanwhile,

despite the regulations as to subdued lights, large numbers of pedestrians and others go on using the roads with just as much carelessness as in the days when their presence could be determined by effective lamps. Cattle on the road at night are at no time particularly desirable, but in existing conditions their drovers court disaster to themselves, to other users of the road, and to the animals; and a grievous illustration to the point is that which occurred the other evening on the Great North Road between Barnet and Tottenham. Three bullocks were being driven along this highway, and one of them, swerving across the road, came into collision with a car and was killed. So also was a man who was sitting beside the driver, through being thrown out bodily and fracturing his skull. Coroners' juries, it may be added, are none too sympathetically inclined, as a rule, where motorists are concerned; but the jury in this case expressed a very decided opinion that drovers, now that the streets were darkened, should carry a lighted lantern, adding that it was a scandal that such men should be exempted from restrictions as to the carrying of lights. The whole question of combining the darkness which is thought essential to the work of guarding the public from the dangers attached to a possible Zeppelin visitation, with the modicum of light at least as essential to the public safety, is becoming daily more difficult. But a solution must be reached.



THE VERY LATEST! A MODEL OF A SUBMARINE ON THE RADIATOR-CAP OF A MOTOR-CAR.

Photograph by S. and G.

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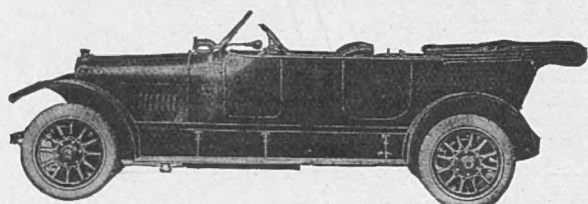
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PRICE 57/6
Leather belt case 2/6 Extra

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Contractors for Officers' Equipment to the War Office.

SERVICE DRESS.

THE prices quoted by Pope and Bradley for Officers' Kit represent the minimum at which uniforms of the best quality can be obtained, and should the price of wool continue to rise, these quotations must necessarily be subject to advance, as the House is determined to maintain the reputation they have made, and to refuse to supply officers with any material which they cannot absolutely guarantee. The best heavyweight khaki is very expensive, but a Service Jacket well tailored from this material will last any three made from second-quality wool. To quote an illustration, an officer's uniform made by Pope & Bradley was worn in the trenches throughout the entire winter, and the mud scraped off with a knife daily. This uniform was returned to us to be cleaned in August, and is now in perfect condition for its second winter.

The prices charged are reasonable, because the House is one of the largest buyers of officers' khaki in London.

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VERSES FROM THE TRENCHES: TO A FAMOUS "SKETCH" PLATE.



DOLORES.

*After the Picture "A Feather in Her Cap,"
by Raphaël Kirchner.*

THIS picture was found in a dug-out in the firing line by six officers. It was cut from *The Sketch* of June 15, 1915. It was first the subject of impersonal admiration, but the personality of the picture obtruded itself in the dug-out; the only piece of femininity among six males, it soon became the chief topic of conversation. The six different outlooks of the six men were put into verse by one of them—

Six of us lay in a dug-out
At ease, with our limbs a-stretch,
And worshipped a feminine picture
Cut from a week-old *Sketch*.
We gazed at her silken stockings,
We studied her Cupid's bow,
And we thought of the suppers we
used to buy
And the girls that we used to know.

And we all, in our several fashions,
Paid toll to the lady's charms,
From the man of a hundred passions
To the Subaltern child in arms.

Never the sketch of a master
So jealously kept and prized;
Never a woman of flesh and blood
So truly idealised!

And because of her slender ankle,
And her coiffure—distinctly French—
We called her "La Belle Dolores"
Vivandière of the Trench.

THE CAPTAIN'S TRIBUTE.

Laddies, I despise the female species
(Tho' they say that love-affairs are sweet),
So I dinna care about the picture
(Tho' she's awfu' neat about the feet).

Whiles I have a verra easy conscience,
Yet I find it hard to sleep o' nights;
P'raps it is that after sae much bloodshed
I'm unnerved by looking at such sights.

So I'll gaze nae mair upon the picture,
Lest my thoughts from righteousness
should stray.

I shall just forget she's in the dug-out;
Only—dinna tak' the lass away.

THE IRISH SUBALTERN.

I'm wondering why I squirm and seethe
Whenever I gaze awhile
At the girl with the perfectly ripping teeth
And the deucedly topping smile?

She wears her clothes so devilish well,
And she's such an attractive wench
That she could be all the world—Oh, Hell,
I'm still in this blistered trench!

Her ankles dangle so daintily
Under her sheath-like skirt,



Which in itself appears to me
Divine, tho' distinctly—curt.

Her silk-shod foot to my heart anew,
Tender excitement brings,
And the lace of her petticoat peeping
through
Suggests such feminine things.

THE ENGAGED SUBALTERN.

Amber eyes, amber eyes,
Opening up in shy surprise,
Were you by
Now, would I
Still remain so worldly-wise?

Conscience-free I can be
Tho' you gaze askance at me;
Still, my dear,
Were you here
Would I *then* be conscience-free?

Harvest bare virtue reaps,
Circumstance his vigil keeps;
Could I reach
You, my peach,
Which of us but virtue sleeps?

THE MARRIED MAN.

When I turned about in the small dug-out,
My glance on the picture tarried;
So I hied me away from the fair display,
Remembering I was married.

THE VERY JUNIOR CAPTAIN.

The Captain paused at the dug-out door;
In his breathless way, he observed: "Oh, Lor!"
What a Pearl of a girl, you chaps; my word,
I'd buy her a quart of the best, a bird,
A box at the Gaiety—Lor! what fun!
I'd do the thing as it should be done:
Supper at Murray's, a perfect floor,
And what could a fellow wish for more?
Sensuous music, a dreamy band,
A delicate pressure of the hand;
Then, after a last liqueur or so,
A whispered word in the Hall; What-Ho!
I'd drive her home in the daylight drab,
And trust to luck in the taxi-cab.

THE IDEALIST.

I have known many loves, Dolores,
Fleeting and tender, grave and gay—
Each one absorbing in its fashion.

I have known
Love and laughter and tears and passion.
Times, I have watched the fairies dance,
Heavenwards; and too well, perchance,
I may have loved at times, 'tis true;
Yet, I have dallied lightly too—
Dallied to while the hours away:
I have known many loves, Dolores.

And now you come, and all the loves long-
ended,
Sorrows too poignant and delights too sweet—
Dead till you came—have risen and are
blended
Into the love I lay before your feet.

"THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

We would point out that the next "Sketch" will be a Christmas Double Number, and we can assure our readers that it will be as light and bright as usual. Particular attention must be called to the fact that included in it will be

SEVEN OF RAPHAEL KIRCHNER'S REMARKABLE PICTURES, REPRODUCED IN FULL COLOURS.

Mr. Kirchner—as, no doubt, our readers are aware—is working exclusively for "The Sketch" in this country, and we shall continue to publish his paintings from time to time. To return to the Christmas Number, there will be, in addition to the Kirchners, other illustrations in colours and in black and white by famous artists; pages in photogravure; and stories of particular interest. This, to say nothing of the customary popular features. The price of the issue will be One Shilling; and to avoid disappointment, readers should order immediately any copies they may require.

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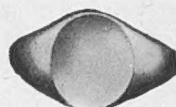
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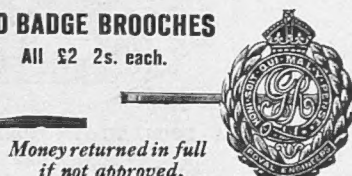
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE transfer of "Romance" from the Duke of York's Theatre to the Lyric after fifty or sixty performances suggests that the original estimate of its drawing powers was very much too modest. Yet I think that on the first night most of the critics expected it to be successful. Given a workmanlike drama, with a strong acting part, presented by a skilful, handsome woman, and you are almost certain to catch the British public, which, as a matter of fact, takes far more interest in the players than in the play, and would sooner see a rubbishy "star" piece with a big star than a merely perfect performance of a fine comedy; probably this has always been the case in England. "Romance" is not rubbishy, but certainly a second visit discloses no unexpected good qualities in it. Yet, thanks to Miss Doris Keane and the "fill-up" comedy scenes at the beginning of the third act, the audience gets great pleasure. There is remarkable merit in Miss Keane's picture of the quite incredible Italian prima-donna. She sticks to a difficult dialogue amazingly, and there is abundance of nice little *cabotine* touches in her highly coloured work. Miss Gilda Varesi is obviously a lady of considerable versatility, for she took the leading part during the run on account of the temporary absence of Miss Keane; and I am told that she played it very ably. As the broken-down star of French provincial Grand Opera, she is delightfully comic, and so, too, is Mr. George Martens in a similar part. Fully to appreciate these humours one ought to have some acquaintance with provincial grand opera in France—an infinitely comic world of which we have no counterpart. I ought to add a word of praise for the lady who sings charmingly in the wings the somewhat hackneyed version by Ambroise Thomas of "Connais-tu le pays."



A BOON TO WOUNDED: THE FAMOUS BURLINGTON CHAIR,
BY J. FOOT AND SON.

(See Note in "The Woman About Town.")

"The Super-Barbarians."

BY CARLTON DAWE.

(The Bodley Head.)

It will easily be guessed that "The Super-Barbarians" is a super-topical novel. The reader reads, thrills, and has his being in a German submarine when he is not assisting at its re-fitting in a cunning German base. He makes acquaintance with the German nation in a trinity of types: the Frank Brute, Commander of the submarine; the Fanatic, his Sous-lieutenant; and the Knavish Sentimentalist as exhibited by the Morocco merchant from Hamburg. Beloved by each and all of these is the bewitching young Englishwoman rescued from a torpedoed liner by the brave, straight young Englishman. When the German officers argue with her about the condition of her country and her country's quarrels, she ups and answers them like a leader in the *Evening News*. The Fanatic second-in-command considered it his heaven-sent business to cripple England. He had a vision of the Prussian jack-boot trampling on her white throat. Mr. Dawe may be justified in the theory that a German naval officer would be likely to visualise England's "white throat"; it is dead certain that no officer of the Grand Fleet achieved such a sentiment in the most expansive moments of the ward-room. If he ever reached the point of endowing England with a throat at all, he would most probably pronounce it brown, like the Britannia of his pennies, brown with sea-air. But criticism of detail with "The Super-Barbarians" is like crushing a butterfly or stamping on a cinema film. For that is where Mr. Dawe should take this book of his. It would be the most enthralling, nerve-racking, heart-breaking, triumphant "movie" in town or province did it once find its true home in the picture-palaces of our art-loving country.

(Continued overleaf.)

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